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The Shape of Things

THE MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH OF SUMNER Welles might have been written as a supplement to the now famous address by the Vice-President at the *Free World* dinner three weeks earlier. It put into the language of plans and intentions the fundamental democratic principles set forth by Mr. Wallace. "The age of imperialism is ended," said Mr. Welles. "If this war is in fact a war for the liberation of peoples, it must assure the sovereign equality of peoples throughout the world. . . . Discrimination between peoples because of their race, creed, or color must be abolished. . . ." Such words express more than a hope; they imply a promise. They could not be spoken on a solemn public occasion by the Under Secretary of State without being taken throughout the world as an official pronouncement of the government of this country. Ordinary people everywhere will accept them as our plan for a post-war world. They will create hope in millions of hearts; they will arouse fears, too, and some resentment, for they already announce the dissolution of empires for the preservation of which many statesmen in the United Nations believe they are fighting. They imply a willingness on the part of the United States to undertake jointly with its allies not only the winning of the war but the overthrow of powerful and vested political interests. It is a tall order, but we are glad the Under Secretary had the courage to formulate it.

*

TO CARRY IT OUT CALLS FOR DETERMINATION such as he and his department—and indeed our nation as a whole—have never consistently demonstrated. It demands, to start with, a thorough revision of traditional methods of dealing with foreign problems and with American problems that relate to the war and the world to come. The policy of the State Department toward struggling democratic forces everywhere—from St. Pierre to the Argentine—has been coldly uncooperative. Its treatment of "free" movements organized in this country has served to dishearten honest anti-fascists and encourage the representatives of reactionary interests and discredited regimes. Its appeasement of every dictator not yet openly lined up with Hitler has alienated liberal sentiment here and in the countries struggling for their freedom. Mr. Welles's blueprint of a free world will be

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accepted at full face value only when its lines begin to take concrete form in American policy. Its application cannot safely be postponed till after the war, for the war must be won by men and women who have faith in America's promises.

*

WHILE TOBRUK WAS ROMMEL'S IMMEDIATE objective in the suddenly renewed Battle of Libya, the larger strategic considerations prompting his campaign are far from clear. Was it intended to prepare the way for a pincer movement against Egypt? There have been many reports of concentrations of German troops and transport planes in the Greek islands, but an air-borne invasion of Syria—the other arm of the pincers—would demand overwhelming air strength in that sector. Yet it would appear that the Axis is experiencing great difficulties even in maintaining air equality on all fronts. In Libya the British have kept control of the skies, and the R. A. F. has played a great part in breaking up Nazi armored formations and disrupting supply columns. Mr. Churchill has told Parliament that the North African forces under General Ritchie were by no means taken by surprise. The British line held firmly on both flanks against the triple-pronged Axis assault, but Nazi tank columns succeeded in penetrating the center to some depth. Thereafter, however, they found themselves in some danger of encirclement, with retreat restricted to two narrow lanes between British minefields. As we go to press, the latest dispatches suggest that Rommel has succeeded in extricating the major part of this force, though not without considerable losses, including the capture of his second-in-command.

*

FOR THE ATTACK ON REINHARD HEYDRICH, Prague is paying in the blood of innocent hostages—the toll as we write is 108. Yet the news that one of the most hated men in Europe had been paralyzed for life if not killed must have sent a thrill of satisfaction through the occupied lands that could not be entirely wiped out by the knowledge of the swift and brutal vengeance that must follow. Dozens of lesser Nazis have been killed; hundreds of hostages have been murdered. But Heydrich is the first high Nazi official to be successfully attacked by others than his "comrades." And this in the third year of the new order. Writing from Berne, G. H. Archambault calls the rising wave of resistance the "third front" and ascribes it to the belief, "which has become axiomatic," that American production makes a second front and a final Allied victory inevitable. The "new feeling," he says, "has reached even prisoners of war held by the Nazis in camps." If this is true, resistance may be expected to grow rather than diminish, even though repression will undoubtedly become more brutal.

THE LULL ON THE AUSTRALIAN AND INDIAN fronts during the past few weeks seems to confirm Chungking's fear that Japan is now devoting its entire energies to an effort to knock China out of the war. The outlook is far from reassuring. Held up for the better part of a week at Kinhwa, capital of Chekiang, the Japanese are reported to have used poison gas on at least three occasions in order to gain control of that strategic city. New Japanese attacks have been launched along the Chekiang coast, at Nanchang, and at Canton. A Chinese counter-offensive of undetermined strength has developed in Anhwei, 100 miles west of Nanking. The Chinese urgently require air reinforcements. Kinhwa and the surrounding area were subjected to scores of unopposed raids before the Japanese finally succeeded in gaining the upper hand. Although the American Volunteer Group has continued to harass the enemy along the Burma front, it is reported to be in desperate need of replacements. What is called for, as Lin Yu-tang pointed out in a masterly letter to the New York *Times*, is not a few planes thrown to the Chinese as a sop without any real appreciation of China's needs, but a "realistic consideration of . . . China's role in the war." Our record so far in aiding China is little short of disgraceful. We have virtually ignored the immense strategic value of the territory which the Japanese are now seeking to wrest from China and have been content to send token aid. It is still not too late to provide the weapons that will enable us to utilize China's vast resouces of manpower and its strategic position. But we must act soon or lose China.

*

JOHN L. LEWIS'S MANNER OF REMOVING Philip Murray from the vice-presidency of the United Mine Workers was both ruthless and insulting, in the well-known Lewis tradition. It looked for a few days as if the miners' policy committee would at least go through the motions of preferring formal charges against Mr. Murray and citing him for trial, but suddenly Lewis let it be known that Murray had been removed and his successor named. Lewis's action took place while Murray was at the White House conferring with Lewis's pet hate, F. D. R., and was undoubtedly designed in part as a thrust at the President as well as Murray. Some observers thought that the unceremonious removal of Murray was also connected with a report that a meeting in Buffalo of local unions affiliated with District 50 of the U. M. W. had protested against the attack on Murray. The protest is significant because District 50 is the spearhead of Lewis's drive to gather strength for a new attempt to dominate the labor movement. Murray has indicated his intention of carrying his case to the membership of the U. M. W.; several months ago it was reliably reported that he commanded very wide support among the rank and file of the union he has served so

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faithfully for twenty-two years, but the Lewis dictatorship has ways of dealing with such subversive lay opinion. Meanwhile, Lewis is preparing the way for the next move in his campaign for power—a break between the miners and the C. I. O. Their relations are already badly strained by the refusal of the miners to pay per capita dues on the ground that the $1,665,000 which Lewis as head of the U. M. W. advanced with such generosity to Lewis as head of the C. I. O. was not a gift but a loan. The final showdown, however, may be put off until the C. I. O. convention.

*

THE "WORK OR FIGHT" STATEMENT ISSUED by the War Manpower Commission seems to have been misinterpreted in various quarters and thus to have caused unwarranted resentment among both labor and management. A careful reading of the statement will show that it is not a "work-or-fight order" such as was issued in the last war. Workers were not told that they must accept any job offered them—"or else." The statement merely reiterated what must obviously be the case: that skilled workers who fail to heed calls from the United States Employment Service to accept employment in war industries at suitable wages cannot expect to be deferred by their draft boards as "necessary men." To aid in the classification of workers the War Production Board is rating war plants in order of importance. Draft boards can no longer take men from critical occupations for military service without the consent of the United States Employment Service. Action also has been taken by the commission to prevent employers from pirating labor from other plants by the use of private employment agencies or by paying wages in excess of the market rates. The orders issued by the Manpower Commission so far seem to be both wise and moderate. The commission has been negligent, however, in not clearing its plans in advance with the management and labor groups which are most directly concerned with the operation of the new policy.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE WEST COAST JAPANESE who have been crowded into temporary "assembly centers" is described in some detail in an article by Charles Iglehart on page 649 and in two letters in the correspondence columns of this issue. Regardless of the necessity for the evacuation, which Mr. Iglehart questions, it is obvious that both the removal and the resettlement of loyal elements in the Japanese population have been badly bungled. Part of the blame lies with the states and communities which are unwilling to accept the evacués for civilian relocation. But if the federal government had the power to uproot these people as a war measure, it should be able to insist that communities and states in the interior accept them and accord them full civilian rights. The evacuation of loyal American citizens along with Japanese aliens was defended on the ground that there was no time to make the full investigation that would have been necessary to weed out the dangerous elements. Whatever validity this argument may have had at the time of the evacuation disappears now that the entire group has been assembled in the interior. There would seem no reason why all American citizens, together with the aliens whose loyalty is established after careful investigation, should not now be permitted full freedom. But freedom alone will not compensate them for the loss of their jobs and the virtual confiscation of their property. Pressure must be brought on the federal government to see that plans for work projects and rural resettlement are put into operation.

*

SINCE IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE HAVE ample supplies of quinine, the German-owned patents for synthetic substitutes should be thrown open to use by all manufacturers. The Japanese now hold Java, with its cinchona plantations. Sterling Products Company, on assignment from I. G. Farben, holds the patents for atabrine and plasmochin, both effective synthetic substitutes. Sterling Products makes a virtue of the fact that it has licensed Merck and Company to produce these synthetics, but Merck was one of the two American firms connected with the Dutch quinine monopoly. It would be folly to leave ourselves at the mercy of a possible combination between one company linked with a German cartel and a second linked with a Dutch. Leo T. Crowley, the Alien Property Custodian, through his control of the German-owned majority shares in General Aniline and Film, now controls Sterling Products and could order it to make its patents available to all manufacturers. He could also force Sterling Products to leave the market open to American-invented processes for making synthetic quinine. In the past Sterling Products has used its German patents to block the marketing of American discoveries. But Crowley is reported to be concerned about his "fiduciary" relationship to this property interest under his control. We hope the Senate Patents Committee will ask Crowley just what he conceives his "fiduciary" duties to be. "Seizure" of foreign patents in war time is the emptiest kind of thunder if these patents are to be tenderly guarded for return to our enemies after the war. If the Patents Committee needs inspiration in this inquiry, let it remember the shortage of quinine on Bataan.

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THE SECOND REFUSAL OF THE SUPREME Court to review the case of Odell Waller is a shocking evasion of an issue the court should face. As our readers will recall, Waller is under sentence of death in Vir-

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ginia for the murder of his white landlord and has appealed his conviction on the ground that he was tried before a jury from which men of his class were excluded under the state poll-tax law. Of the all-white jury which convicted him, ten members were employing farmers. A statement put out by the Workers' Defense League exactly reflects our own opinion:

> . . . This case not only involves justice for Waller; it involves the whole Southern practice of creating a second-class citizenship by means of the poll tax. At this solemn moment when America is embattled to defend the four freedoms, the Supreme Court has twice evaded this vital and inescapable issue. Twice it has refused to say whether it regards a jury of white poll-tax payers as peers of the disfranchised black man. Twice it has, in effect, condemned Odell Waller to die in the dark. Once again, as in the Mooney case, it has signally failed to fulfil the purposes for which it was created. It has not the right to remain silent on an issue which affects millions of Americans both white and colored.

The War at Dead Center

AS HIGH summer approaches, the military scales in Europe are poised at dead center. No longer has the Axis the preponderant weights on its side; no longer can Hitler throw his millions from one end of the Continent to the other with confidence that the desired objective will be attained.

In the far north of the Russian front spring is passing, and still there is no full-scale German offensive. Are the reserves which the Reichswehr has accumulated in the east to be flung into one desperate attempt to break through to the Caucasus or into yet another assault on Moscow? Or will the Nazis try to hold the Russian line while the main army is hurried back to the Channel in an effort to invade Britain before Anglo-American power is built up to overwhelming strength? And if this plan is adopted, can the Red Army develop an offensive of its own vigorous enough to roll the Germans back over their own frontiers? Hitler's celebrated intuition appears to be having some difficulty in finding the right answers to these questions.

But if Hitler no longer has full command of the initiative, the United Nations are not quite ready to seize it. They have not yet reached the point where they can dictate their choice of a battlefield; they are still keeping their strategy sufficiently fluid to meet one of several possible moves by the Axis. Even so, the equilibrium of the military balance does not mean stalemate. The weights that will tip the scales in our favor are being forged in American training camps and factories.

The devastating R. A. F. raid on Cologne may in fact prove the first sign that the scales have begun to lean our way. We write while the story of the blow at the capital of the Rhineland has still to be filled out in detail, but it is clear that if raids of the same magnitude can be repeated often in the next few months, German capacity to resist is going to be seriously weakened. The frantic clumsiness of the German attempts to minimize the effect of the bombing suggests that panic is reigning in the Wilhelmstrasse as well as in Cologne itself. And the British propagandists have been quick to exploit the situation, recalling Göring's boast that no enemy bombs would ever fall on German soil, reiterating Churchill's advice to the Germans to get out into the fields, and emphasizing that this raid was only a sample of what would happen when the R. A. F. was joined by the American Air Force. The equally powerful attack on Essen two days later should prove to the Germans that Cologne was no isolated incident. Nor are they likely to be reassured by General Arnold's promise that American fliers will join the fray without waiting for "ideal planes, airports, or situations."

The experts are still arguing about whether or not a war can be won by air power alone, but majority opinion holds that in this particular war Germany is not likely to be knocked out except by a combined offensive of all arms. Raids like that on Cologne, repeated on an ever larger scale, can do much to soften up the enemy for the invasion of the Continent that must precede victory. They can do much also to disorganize industry and communications and to undermine the morale not merely of the civilian population but of the German troops on distant fronts, whose enthusiasm for further aggression is likely to ebb as they learn what is happening to their homes. Again, a sustained air offensive over Germany is calculated to interfere with Hitler's vital time-table. If he hopes for success in the east he must maintain at least equality in the air with the Russians; yet he cannot forge ahead confidently while his western frontier is being burned and blasted.

It may well be that the activity of the R. A. F., combined with Anglo-American preparations for a second front, has played a part in the postponement of Hitler's much-advertised spring offensive. But the major factor has undoubtedly been Timoshenko's counter-offensive in the Kharkov region, which the Russians claim has achieved its primary objective—the diversion of a threatened German move against Rostov, the recapture of which would have placed the Reichswehr in a position to follow up its local success on the Kerch Peninsula. The Germans have also claimed a great victory, but the most they seem to have accomplished is the halting of the Soviet counter-attack—a negative result which has cost them dearly in men, machines, and above all in time.

In viewing the situation on the eastern front, however, we must remember that, although the fighting around Kharkov has been heavy, the bulk of the German army is still held in reserve ready to strike with fearful

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force. The threat of a second front may restrain Hitler from staking all on one irretrievable throw of the dice in Russia, but the chances are it will not, for he knows that if the present deadlock remains unbroken, ultimate defeat is certain. And the possibility that he would be able to batter his way through to the Caucasian oil fields is not to be dismissed lightly, as Alvarez del Vayo pointed out in these columns last week.

There is no doubt that Anglo-American strategists are now giving very serious consideration to ways and means of establishing a second front, and that the staff conferences taking place in London are not mere window-dressing. The present trend of opinion, however, seems to be for waiting until Hitler shows his hand completely in the east, since until the German reserves are absolutely committed to an offensive on that front, the possibility that they might be turned westward cannot be entirely ignored. That is the dilemma the Anglo-American staffs are grappling with, and it is, of course, the reverse side of that with which Hitler's intuition is struggling. Or rather it is a Gordian knot which must be cut by the sword, and we must hope that our leaders are ready for the decisive stroke. Cologne, at least, encourages us to believe our weapon is sharp and loose in the scabbard.

What About Harlem?

THE problems of the Negroes in Harlem have been increased rather than lightened by the war boom which has aided the Okies, tenant farmers, and many other "forgotten men" in our population. Such is the disheartening conclusion that must be drawn from a study of the reports of the four subcommittees of the City-Wide Citizens' Committee on Harlem which were released last week. The report on employment shows that very few Negroes have found their way into the war industries. This is partly because New York is not a defense center, but it is primarily the result of discrimination against Negroes in the more skilled occupations. There has been, it is true, a steady rise in the relative number of Negro placements through the New York section of the United States Employment Service. But this means very little, since 83 per cent of the placements were for women and consisted largely of short-time domestic jobs. Only 1.8 per cent of the Negroes placed were skilled workers, a decline from 4.5 per cent in 1939. It is estimated that only about 1,500 Harlem Negroes have been able to find war jobs outside the New York area.

Harlem's wretched housing situation has been aggravated by the war. Private and public housing construction has practically ceased owing to the existing shortage in materials. Although the number of vacancies in New York City appears to have increased somewhat as a result of the war, the change has been too slight to ease Harlem's problem. The severity of the overcrowding in this section may be seen from the fact that 3,871 persons live in a single Harlem block. At this density the whole of the population of the United States could live in one-half of New York City. Although there is a greater proportion of structurally sound houses in Harlem than in other slum areas in the city, the overcrowding is much more serious than elsewhere. It is, of course, a direct result of low incomes. Half of Harlem's families have incomes of less than $837 a year, and at all income levels from $500 to $3,000 Negroes pay higher average rents than white families. To meet the situation a very large proportion of Harlem's families take in lodgers. Among the families studied the average ran considerably more than one to a household.

Bad housing conditions and low incomes are reflected in the statistics on health, crime, and low educational opportunities. Harlem has four times as high a death rate for tuberculosis as New York City as a whole. The death-rate for syphilis among Negroes in New York is seven times higher than among whites. The accident rate is also materially higher. Schools are operated on a three-shift basis; teachers are badly overworked; playground and recreational facilities are grossly inadequate.

In an effort to alleviate the situation, the four subcommittees have made a number of recommendations. These include plans to promote more liberal employment policies with regard to Negroes, suggestions regarding new public-housing projects to be constructed at the end of the war, and a number of very concrete recommendations for new schools, lighter teaching loads, admission of Negroes to nursing schools on the same basis as whites, and expansion of health facilities. So far as they go, these recommendations are excellent, and a vigorous effort should be made by all social-minded citizens to see that they are put into effect. This will not be easy. The LaGuardia administration and Tammany have apparently been trying to outdo each other in recent months in seeking the curtailment of vital social services. We believe that we can trust the City-Wide Citizens' Committee to wage a vigorous campaign to see that its recommendations are adopted. But we hope that it will not stop there. The committee is doubtless well aware that the basic problem of Harlem will not be solved by the building of schools or the extension of social services. It cannot be solved until Negroes obtain full equality, in fact as well as in law, in employment opportunity, and until the practices which result in housing segregation are eliminated. A great deal of education is required before we can expect legislation to achieve these ends; but the present moment, when public opinion is aware as never before of the evil results of racialism as practiced by Hitler, would seem an auspicious time to begin.

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Biddle and Bridges

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

NO ONE who has read the Attorney General's ruling on the Bridges case—and no one who knows Mr. Biddle's character—can believe that his decision was based on anything but honest legal reasoning. I am convinced that no political motives lie hidden behind the deportation order. Indeed, no decent political motives were available. Politics could have entered into the decision only in some utterly unworthy shape such as a desire to punish Bridges for his attack on Mayor Rossi of San Francisco or to placate the fascists and reactionaries who protested against the freeing of Earl Browder. Such motives would never control the conduct of Francis Biddle, and they may be dismissed without discussion.

The only political motives that could properly have influenced him weighed strongly the other way. He might have been moved by major considerations of national welfare. He might have said to himself: "The law can wait upon the war. Bridges is an important factor in maintaining stability and a high level of efficiency in one of the key sectors of the war effort. He'd better be kept at work as long as ships must be loaded with guns and planes for our troops abroad." He might have said: "I have convinced myself that Bridges is a Communist and that communism is a doctrine calling for the revolutionary overthrow of the government. But by a marriage of convenience Communists are joined today with the rest of the country in ardent prosecution of the war. The revolution has been adjourned for the duration. So this seems a peculiarly inappropriate moment for a showdown on the question of force and violence."

The Attorney General is by no means a coldly technical man of law. Nor is he unaware of the overriding claims of the national emergency. He has not hesitated, for example, to adjourn anti-trust suits until after the war even in cases where his department has in hand substantial evidence of monopolistic practices. In adopting this policy the Department of Justice has consciously put the demands of war production ahead of the duty of enforcing the law. This policy may not achieve its purposes—it may indeed interfere with them, as *The Nation* has frequently argued—but at least it offers clear evidence that when the Attorney General believes the national safety calls for a *pro tem* adjournment of legal processes he acts without hesitation and without even waiting for legislative sanction. The same may be said of his attitude on wire-tapping, an illegal practice employed by his department and condoned by Mr. Biddle when he felt that the national interest was involved. And presumably he acquiesced in the President's decision to free Earl Browder not only as an act of justice but as a contribution to national unity.

So there were both arguments and precedents the Attorney General could have used to persuade himself that a decision against Bridges would be inopportune. Why, then, did he make such a decision? Ruling out all dishonorable motives, one is driven to the unhappy conclusion that Francis Biddle is not as sharply aware as a war-time Attorney General should be of the social and political effects of administrative acts. His ruling is obviously the work of a man who had conscientiously sifted the conflicting findings of the various inquiries and arrived at an opinion that seemed to him inescapable. One can differ with him; one can put less credence than he chose to put in the testimony of admittedly partial witnesses like Harry Lundeberg; one can question his choice of authorities in deciding the moot question of Communist doctrine. But the final rightness of Mr. Biddle's judgment is not, in my opinion, the most important aspect of his decision. What is important is the blind spot that prevented him from foreseeing its effects.

Undoubtedly the Attorney General knew the ruling carried political implications. He pointed out, even as he released it, that it could be appealed to the highest court and that it must be looked upon as a test case. His mind, if I may pretend to analyze so complex an instrument, probably sought to protect itself against a full recognition of the explosive consequences of the decision by dwelling upon the legal safeguards that still protect Bridges, upon the time that must intervene before his deportation, and upon the value of a Supreme Court decision on the Communist attitude toward the use of force. But these quite legitimate peace-time considerations only dramatize the Attorney General's failure as a political realist.

The ruling against Bridges fell like a shower of bombs along the West Coast waterfront. It has been received with astonishment even by employers who have fought Bridges in the past but who today acknowledge his masterful handling of labor on the docks. Organized labor has reacted to the order with a bitterness amounting to open hostility. Division and turmoil have been created at a time when unity and order are essential. The pretense that Bridges can go on with his work while his case moves slowly from court to court is ridiculous. No labor leader can serve as an effective aid to a government which has ordered his deportation as a dangerous alien. The anomaly of his position must either weaken his influence with his followers or lessen their respect for the government. The second alternative seems far more likely.

Whether or not Bridges is a Communist, whether or not Communists favor the violent overthrow of the government, are questions that can be settled at leisure when the war is over. To force their decision today without reckoning the cost in wasted ability and disaffection is reckless and irresponsible. Integrity is perhaps the first virtue in a public official, but even integrity is no substitute for good political sense—especially in time of war.

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What to Do About Rubber

BY I. F. STONE

II. A Synthetic-Rubber Program

Washington, May 28

SEVERAL principles must be recognized and applied if we are to get maximum results from our synthetic-rubber program.

1. Cost must be measured in terms of time and materials, not money. In terms of money, it may be more costly to make Buna rubber from grain alcohol than from petroleum. In terms of time and materials, the former is the cheaper method. We are promised butadiene for Buna rubber from petroleum in eighteen months, but the other day I managed to get a glimpse of one of the RFC contracts and I found that they allow the companies twenty-seven months. Evidence before the Gillette committee indicated that synthetic rubber can be made from grain alcohol in less than twelve months. The petroleum process requires new cracking facilities to obtain butane and new plants to turn the butane into butadiene. The alcohol process is a "one-step" process which obtains butadiene directly from the alcohol with a minimum of new equipment.

2. It took a long time to learn to handle natural rubber. The big problem today is to learn to handle synthetic rubber. We know comparatively little about the processing of any synthetic rubber. Therefore, in working out a synthetic-rubber program it is foolish to put all our eggs in one basket, as the RFC is doing. Of the 800,000 tons scheduled, 700,000 tons are to be Buna-S. The remaining 100,000 tons are to be divided into 60,000 tons of Standard Oil's closely guarded butyl rubber and 40,000 tons of du Pont's as closely guarded neoprene. Of the 700,000 tons of Buna-S, only 80,000 tons will be made from alcohol; the rest is to come from petroleum. The program ought to be revised and redivided in a way that would allow for more production from grain alcohol and for more butyl and less Buna-S. It is high time, too, that some committee questioned the du Ponts about their neoprene. The patent for it has not been put into the rubber patent pool, and although it is supposed to be a specialty rubber only, someone who worked for the du Ponts tells me that neoprene has been made into tires at Wilmington and that the tests showed extraordinary wearing qualities. The gossip around the plant was that neoprene tires would outlast any car.

3. The making of synthetic rubber and its fabrication into tires or other products involve two distinct sets of problems. One requires men skilled in chemistry; the other men experienced in manufacturing rubber products. The wider the participation in the synthetic-rubber program, the more trained men and managements taking part, the greater the chances of those "lucky accidents" to which so many technical improvements are due.

A vivid example of what I mean was provided by the little-noticed testimony given before the Senate Patents Committee by Robert M. Hunter, special assistant to the Attorney General in the Standard Oil–I. G. Farben case. I. G. Farben had had trouble with the fabrication of Buna. In 1932 du Pont announced its synthetic rubber, duprene, later called neoprene. I. G. Farben tried to obtain the German rights to duprene. The negotiations dragged on for two years. In 1934 the Nazi government, intent on speeding the development of synthetic rubber, appointed a Reich Rubber Commissar with full powers. He seems to have ordered I. G. to furnish every rubber firm in the Reich with samples of its synthetic rubber for experimental purposes. The results are indicated by a letter Hunter read before the Patents Committee. This letter, dated November 12, 1934, was from I. G. to its New York representative.

> The situation in the synthetic-rubber field [it said] has changed considerably as a result of progress made in the last few weeks. . . . All German firms have been supplied with samples of our synthetic rubber for experimental purposes. This was done at the request of the Reich Rubber Commissar. After an astonishingly short time a small firm succeeded in getting favorable results so far as the use of synthetic rubber for the manufacture of tires is concerned. . . . It is possible that we are no longer directly interested in reaching an agreement with du Pont in the synthetic-rubber field.

The German government is "totalitarian," but the result of its policy was to set loose a maximum of private enterprise and initiative on the problem of fabricating synthetic rubber. Our government believes in free enterprise, but the influence wielded in it by Standard Oil creates conditions in which enterprise is stifled. Compare the way Buna was developed in the Reich with Hunter's testimony on Standard's curious unwillingness to develop butyl:

Butyl was discovered in the latter part of 1937 by research employees of the Standard Oil Development Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of Standard of New Jersey. The policy applied by the Reich Rubber Commissar was suggested time after time by subordinate officials. Hunter read into the record no fewer than

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six different letters or memoranda in which Standard officials asked permission to collaborate with tire manufacturers and with manufacturers of wire and cable insulation in order to hasten the development and use of butyl. Although Standard had dutifully reported its butyl findings to its Nazi cartel partner from the beginning, permission for its development in this country was long denied.

In November, 1939, two months after the war began, F. A. Howard, president of Standard Development, was upheld by the executive committee of Standard Oil in his belief that "the sounder policy" was to "confine the development [of butyl] to our own organization." In their own organization development work was lackadaisical. Hunter testified that "as recently as May, 1941," Standard had "no more than three technical employees working on this valuable development." Not until June, 1940, did Standard supply samples of butyl to any American tire company, and then it chose those two companies of the Big Four with the least experience in the synthetic field and the least interest in developing synthetic rubber. Goodrich and Goodyear had both been working with synthetic rubber, and one of Standard's subordinate officials had suggested Goodyear as a "partner" in the development of butyl. Instead, Standard picked Firestone and United States Rubber. These two had the largest investments in natural rubber plantations. United States Rubber had another adverse interest in that it is controlled by the du Ponts. The du Ponts, according to Hunter's testimony, not only have neoprene but are developing another synthetic rubber "which would be in competition with butyl and Buna for tire and tube uses."

As though to make certain that poor results would be obtained, Standard provided Firestone and United States Rubber with but meager amounts of butyl. "Part of this," according to Hunter, "was second-grade material." The results were surprising. In October, 1940, Firestone predicted a possible market for butyl outside the tire field equivalent to 104,000 long tons of natural rubber per year. In November, 1940, after trying butyl for tires, one United States Rubber executive thought it might replace natural rubber. Though encouraging, this was not encouraged. "From November, 1940, until within the last few weeks," Hunter testified, "not another tire had been made of butyl rubber by the United States Rubber Company." Firestone tried butyl for inner tubes and in January, 1941, found it "greatly superior to natural rubber tubes, particularly with regard to holding air." As a reward, Firestone seems to have got no more butyl.

A much better record than that of either of these two big companies was made by the Acushnet Process Company of New Bedford, Massachusetts, a small rubber-products concern. Early in 1939 the Army-Navy Munitions Board obtained some samples of butyl from Standard Oil. The Chemical Warfare Service picked Acushnet to test the use of butyl in gas masks. Acushnet found it superior to natural rubber for gas masks and "became enthusiastic about its other possibilities." Acushnet's reports show an ingenuity, persistence, and imagination superior to the big companies', but little came of its work.

4. This brings us to another important point. To obtain maximum results, there must be the freest exchange of information among all companies working on synthetic-rubber problems. "One of the difficulties in connection with the whole testing program," Hunter testified, "has been the unwillingness of Standard to pass on to one of the companies ideas or techniques acquired from another." He gave several examples. United States Rubber is still struggling with the problem of making a butyl inner tube a year and a half after Firestone succeeded in making one superior to the natural-rubber product. Standard has known for more than a year that Acushnet had quickly and successfully solved the problems of butyl's rapid vulcanization and adherence to metal. "There is no evidence," Hunter says, "that this knowledge was ever passed on to the two rubber companies." This is equally true of Firestone's recent—and very important—discovery of a method for making a butyl tread adhere to a natural rubber carcass.

5. What we need is not merely a central rubber authority with full power to develop the synthetic product, as suggested by the Truman committee, but one free from the influence of Standard Oil and its allies. None of these basic conditions for a successful synthetic-rubber program can be achieved so long as the oil-chemical-rubber-alcohol combine dominates the RFC, the WPB, and the Petroleum Coordinator's Office. Do we need a fresh approach to the problem of cost? Standard Oil emphasizes the fact that Buna from alcohol costs more than Buna from petroleum, but by stifling the development of butyl, which costs one-third as much as buna, it shows a total disregard for economy. Do we want wide participation in the program and free interchange of information? These would destroy the Standard Oil monopoly.

There are two keys to a successful synthetic-rubber program. The first is the butylene-glycol process for developing butadiene for Buna rubber directly from the fermenting grain without making alcohol at all. This is a Department of Agriculture discovery of which we are just beginning to hear. It would put farm surpluses into the synthetic-rubber program and make monopoly impossible. The other is butyl, which can be made easily and directly from a common petroleum by-product, isobutylene. There are ample supplies of isobutylene available, and no special facilities are needed to obtain it. But neither of these keys can be used until we have a truly independent National Rubber Authority, with power to seize patents and commandeer laboratories. What is needed is the will to put America's safety first.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week.*]

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Citizens Behind Barbed Wire

BY CHARLES IGLEHART

A RECENT visit to the West Coast gave me an opportunity to see at first hand how the present removal of the Japanese from the defense areas is working out.

The evacuation policy was a strange compound of war necessity and mass hysteria. Behind it lay thirty-five years of determined effort by certain West Coast groups to eliminate Japanese from any share in American life. Persisting economic competition, racial antipathy, and venal politics played their part in it. In addition, the Japanese immigrants have been slow in adopting American ways. And since Japan launched its expansionist program, the older settlers have reacted to the heightened nationalism of their homeland by emphasizing their un-American habits, bowing toward Tokyo and celebrating Oriental festivals as they never used to do. Moreover, the Japanese-language schools are using textbooks recently brought from Japan which exalt the new ambitions rampant there. These developments have been in general quite innocent, but they have not tended to allay the suspicions of Caucasian neighbors.

In the first two days after Pearl Harbor the Department of Justice drew its net around two thousand Japanese aliens; later it rounded up two thousand more; and all these are now in detention. I talked with some of them in their camps and found them living in very decent conditions and uncomplaining. I understand that only one or two in a hundred were suspected of actual complicity in any subversive activities; most of them had merely subscribed to some fund or belonged to some organization that was open to question. This group is not our present concern.

Before the publication of the Roberts report on Pearl Harbor on January 25 no apprehension was expressed concerning those Japanese residents and their American children who had been left undisturbed. But the report ushered in a period of feverish excitement, stimulated by press and radio, which reached a climax when the West Coast Congressional delegation petitioned the President to empower the army authorities to handle the entire situation and to deal summarily with "aliens and subversive persons." This action has since been defended on the ground that the Japanese themselves were in danger. I talked with a good many people of all sorts and found no evidence of any serious danger. Nor could I discover a single case of subversive activity, although the air was filled with unsubstantiated rumors. A minority group always has a grapevine which carries news with uncanny speed and accuracy, but no Japanese whom I met had heard of more than three instances of violence resulting in death, and all of these were said to have been the work of Filipinos.

I cannot escape the conclusion that even as a war measure evacuation was unnecessary. The slumbering embers of public antagonism to this alien group were, it appears, deliberately fanned by interested persons and organizations until a conflagration was threatened, but at any time it could have been quenched if the authorities had shown the proper firmness.

On March 2, under the President's executive order of February 19, General DeWitt took over, and the West Coast was zoned for the control of aliens. In Mesa, Arizona, I saw how this measure affected the lives of Japanese residents. Most of them lived on farms in Zone B, which was a restricted area. The boundary of Zone A, the prohibited area, ran through the city, and the market and schools were on the other side. Thus the Japanese were unable to sell their produce or to send their children to school. One man told me that he had sent 800 pounds of peas to the market by a Mexican truckman, but that somewhere along the way the whole load had been mysteriously lost. Soon persons representing themselves as government agents were moving about among the Japanese farmers advising them to dispose of their holdings. Often these men were themselves large farm owners who would benefit by the dumping of Japanese property.

Actual evacuation began on April 1. It was then found that the order was not to apply to German or Italian aliens, at least for the present, but only to Japanese. What is certain to cause the greatest difficulty in the future, however, is the fact that it made no distinction between the alien Japanese and their sons and daughters, who are native Americans. In everything except physical appearance, these young people are as far removed from their Japanese ancestors as we of European lineage are. Most of them, to the despair of their parents, know little or nothing about Japan. They have no desire to be anything but Americans. The alien generation are almost all over sixty, while many of the American-born are under twenty-one. In the degree of their Americanization this second generation compares favorably with other foreign groups. The process has already gone far enough to disprove our fears that the Orient and the Occident could never mix. In these young people the mixing has actually taken place without any detriment to the Ameri-

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can way of life. Nevertheless, they are being treated exactly as if they were aliens, owing allegiance to Japan. In one California city I found a legal effort being made to remove from civil-service positions every American Japanese who had ever attended classes in the Japanese language.

Community after community showed the effects of the shock of evacuation. Selling-out signs on retail shops told of the forced liquidation of small businesses on a few hours' notice. I heard ugly stories of intimidation and exploitation. One farmer was said to have sold a thousand dollars' worth of equipment for a hundred dollars, thinking he had to. A hardware merchant was so threatened that he sold his business for a song, and then saw a sign on his store announcing "The Japs are going." His business was in a zone not yet evacuated.

In many places the people were living with the sword of Damocles hanging over them. I talked with the old people and found them silent and impassive. This was just another event beyond their control in strange, contradictory America, where life alternates so unpredictably between calm sailing and shipwreck. They do not complain, but it is plain to see that their physical resistance, spiritual resiliency, and economic resources have been shattered. When this crisis is over they will have to be carried by their children.

The young people react differently. They are not afraid, but they are desperately perplexed and puzzled. One said to me: "This thing has taken all the starch out of us. We thought we were Americans; now we don't know what we are, or what on earth to do about it." Other thoughtful young leaders feared that the disillusionment and frustration would destroy all ambition and even self-respect. How could they hope to go on with college, or to qualify for decent living again? However, most of them keep their chins up. An old friend of mine and his bride have gone to camp, and this week she writes: "In spite of all the sacrifices we had to make in selling our home, giving up a good business, and coming here, we still believe that democratic America is the best, and we too are praying for an early end."

Evacuation is now almost completed: 110,000 people —40,000 aliens and 70,000 of their American sons and daughters—are moving into "assembly centers." Evacuation, of course, was to be followed by resettlement in other less exposed areas; apparently the authorities hoped that this might be accomplished with reasonable ease. But the opposition in the receiving areas is so stubborn that it has become necessary to multiply and expand the temporary filter-stations into something like semi-permanent camps. Near most of the larger towns and cities there is a race course or fair grounds, and many of these have been taken over, inclosed in barbed wire, and provided with hastily built barracks for the evacués—rows and rows of sheds made of thin pine boards, the sides and roof covered with tar paper.*

The congestion in the assembly centers is caused by the unwillingness of other communities to accept the evacués. The Tolan Congressional committee for the study of migrant populations made a canvass of the sentiment in all states west of the Mississippi. It met with a unanimous refusal, expressed by the respective governors in their replies to the committee's questionnaire, to permit civilian relocation of these unfortunate people. Only one state made a distinction between the older aliens and the second-generation Americans; the others classed all of them together as aliens, undesirables, and subversive agents. The most that any of the states would agree to was to set aside one unoccupied area, to which the federal government might bring five or ten thousand evacués, putting them behind guards and supporting them for the duration, on the distinct understanding that they should be removed again at the end of the war. In a talk with the governor of one of the Middle Western states I got an epitome of the general sentiment. He said: "The people of California needn't think they can push their problem off on to us. We aren't going to mop up for them. If the federal government wants to bring any of these people into a camp in our state it can, but it will have to take them out the day this thing is over."

Because of the prevailing attitude the better areas are being denied the federal authorities, and it is likely that only small sites will be set aside for new concentration camps differing very little from the present subhuman assembly centers. Indeed, reports from persons who live in the vicinity of one or two of these contemplated resettlement centers indicate that they are being built on exactly the same lines as the temporary camps, with the same flimsy shacks, the same barbed-wire barriers, and in general the same prison-like setup.

The need for labor to get in the food crops may operate to modify to some degree the bleakness of this picture. We hear of "furloughs" to be granted the men of some camps to permit them to go out to work. But friends of the evacués express the fear that this will mean the continuation of the temporary assembly centers and that the women and children will be left there indefinitely. It may also mean that the men will be taken under guard to distant places, where their work will be little more than an extension of what is now virtually prison life. Wages will, of course, be paid, and undoubtedly the men will have the option of going out to work or remaining idle in camp. But this will be a far cry from relocation, and it will offer no solution of the problem of future integration in American community life.

One prospect that is now being explored by the War

* A glimpse of life in these camps is afforded by letters from inmates printed on page 666.

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Relocation Authority is the possibility of releasing all college students for transfer to other regions where they can finish their education. There may be two or three thousand of these young men and women. Their fate depends on the guaranteed willingness of other college communities to receive them.

Confronting this baffling situation, all persons of good-will must be asking what can be done. It is too late to do anything about the basic policy of evacuation. That is an accomplished fact. Now we have the assembly-center phase to deal with. As life in the camps shakes down into routine, the worst physical hardships may be expected to moderate. But the crowding, the lack of privacy, the idleness, the forced intermingling of persons of widely divergent social levels and ideals and character will increasingly undermine morale. The authorities intend, they say, to utilize every possible resource of personnel within the camps in developing programs of recreation, health, education, and other types of activity. We can only hope that this will work out according to plan.

Pressure should be brought to bear upon the federal authorities to induce them to discontinue the assembly centers as the way of dealing with the problem. And every effort must be made to obtain separate treatment for aliens and for second-generation Americans. Discrimination against citizens because of their racial lineage cuts straight across the American tradition. It is our duty, difficult as it may be, to find some way of extricating Japanese Americans from the operation of this war measure. In Honolulu they are at liberty, and the authorities have said, "We trusted them and they have proved worthy."

But the great task is the creation of an informed public opinion. If we had had it, evacuation need not have occurred. If it prevailed now, relocation would be possible. Unless we have it after the war, we shall be helpless in the presence of an awakened Asia with whom we must share the world. The logical implication of our present concentration camps is the deportation after the war of all Japanese—aliens and American citizens alike. If we choose that course, dark and heavy times will lie ahead. An intelligent policy of adjustment to our thousand million neighbors across the Pacific demands the fearless application of our American tradition of controlled assimilation. This calls for a repudiation of racial pride and privilege and for improved social practices within the community.

New Caledonia: a French Australia

BY IDA TREAT

FOR most Americans the island of New Caledonia rose for the first time out of the vast Pacific the day United States troops landed on its shores. With that discovery went another: the New Caledonians were our allies. They belonged among the fighting French who at home and abroad have staked their lives on the hope of a Free France in a liberated world. They were already there, lined up for battle, months before some of us in America acknowledged that the battle was ours.

It took courage not to capitulate when France fell. The island was entirely unprotected, and Germany's powerful ally, Japan, had long coveted it. Mineral wealth and strategic importance made it a predestined victim for aggression. But the New Caledonians are fighters. Whatever the cost, they would not endure the fate of Indo-China. To submit to Germany meant submission to Japan. Loyal Frenchmen, they saw but one way to preserve their freedom—resist the Axis to the end.

For the second time in their history New Caledonians realized the full meaning of their isolation. During the first Great War and the years immediately following, their distant island had been forced to fall back on its neighbors for its very existence, hampered as it was by colonial tariffs and unfavorable exchange. The fall of France once again brought home to it that its ultimate destiny lay in the Pacific, closely linked with that of its near neighbor Australia, whose climate, ways of life, and general problems were much the same.

Often during peace times the settlers of New Caledonia had found themselves at odds with the home government. The time-honored French policy of colonial subordination, which placed all effective power in the hands of metropolitan officials, frequently failed to take into account the needs of the colony and hindered its free development. The New Caledonians are a hardy, independent lot, impatient of restraint. The pioneer spirit is strong. Theirs is no tropical island—its population counts a higher percentage of Europeans than any other French colony. It is a "colony of settlement."

Frenchmen in Paris—a good many Frenchmen—used to look down their noses when New Caledonia was mentioned. I found that out when I tried to get information about the island before leaving for the South Pacific. It was so far away—14,000 miles from France, nearly two months by ship. Was it conceivable that any patriotic Frenchman should choose to live so far from home? Not

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unless he had to, people said, and reminded me that New Caledonia had been a penal settlement for thirty years of its history.

On the ship from Marseilles civil-service and army people on their way to Noumea seemed to feel they must apologize for being sent there. New Caledonia stood, so to speak, at the bottom of the Colonial Administration. Appointments there were generally reserved for beginners, for the headstrong who needed curbing ("five years at the antipodes will cool him off!"), and for unambitious plodders who were contented anywhere. The New Caledonians on shipboard—students and well-to-do folk who had been visiting relatives in France—kept strictly to themselves. That was characteristic, according to administration officials. New Caledonians had developed a curious personality of their own, they said, a "certain unruly independence." They laid it to Anglo-Saxon influence, the proximity of Australia.

Early one June morning we sighted the high rocky coast that prompted Cook to give New Caledonia its name. Bare headlands, topped here and there with "column" pines—tall, incredibly thin, like clustered masts. Noumea from the harbor was no beauty spot—a huddle of iron roofs against burnt, peeled hills, and the stacks of Caledonia-Nickel smoking at the left. Beside us lay the bare low island of Nou, with the stone walls and buildings of the former *bagne,* the penal settlement. We had time to look at it all as we waited in the harbor flying the red explosives flag—we were carrying dynamite for the mines and munitions for French troops in the South Pacific. We also carried several hundred Tonkinese contract workers for the mines and metal plants—neat little folk who were taken ashore in a string of empty coal barges black with dust, a foretaste of what awaited them on shore.

Lined against the rail, the officials of the administration looked depressed. The faces of the New Caledonians were bright with homecoming. "Don't look at Noumea," one of them counseled. "Wait till you see the interior. You'll feel at home there. It is like your own Far West."

Topographically, New Caledonia's 8,000 square miles are distributed over three levels. Leaving Noumea and the coast, the main road climbs to a hilly plateau—wide stretches of open country overgrown with bush and coarse grass and dotted everywhere with gray-green *niaouli* trees. This is grazing land, unbroken miles of it, with only now and then a frame house standing lonely beside a fenced-in garden. Where a river winds through a shallow valley you find scattered farms, an occasional coffee plantation, or, more rarely, the clustered houses of a village. Above, the slopes of the central chain are black with forest. Here grow the precious hardwoods—ebony, sandalwood and ironwood, rosewood and *kauri,* little exploited. "It costs more than it's worth to get it out," the New Caledonians say. The island lacks roads.

New Caledonia's chief wealth is mineral. The island is "a solid block of metal," colonials tell you proudly—nickel, chrome, iron, lead, zinc, and manganese. Of these, nickel comes first, New Caledonia's output being second only to Canada's. A single company, Caledonia-Nickel, controls the richest mines.

In recent years both Japan and Germany have shown a marked interest in New Caledonia's metal production. Until 1935 no nickel ore was shipped abroad, only "pig" nickel from the Caledonia-Nickel plant. Then a new mining company with all-Japanese capital quietly bought up several mines that had been neglected because of the poor quality of their ore and began shipping nickel ore. (Both Nippon-Soda and Krupp have developed processes for the profitable extraction of nickel from low-grade ore.) By 1938 annual shipments reached 33,000 metric tons, all of which was taken by Germany and Japan. In 1938 Japanese capital founded a company to mine New Caledonia's iron. Experts say there are some twenty million tons of ore in the island. The company began its ore shipments in 1939 and planned to reach a yearly figure of 500,000 tons.

As in all colonial countries, cheap labor helped attract foreign investors. The labor, however, had to be imported—Javanese from the Dutch East Indies and Tonkinese from French Indo-China, brought in by boatloads on three-to-five-year contracts.

The Japanese-owned nickel and iron companies tried repeatedly to obtain the right to import Japanese labor. Popular feeling was dead against it. Like the Australians, the French colonials of New Caledonia have always been uneasy about Japan. Many viewed the sale of mining property to Japanese interests as an unqualified mistake. They insisted that the fishermen and market gardeners—and opium-dealers—who made up the local Japanese colony were all there for a double purpose. Over and over again I heard the story of a boatload of Japanese "troca fishers" who had come to grief during a recent cyclone. The entire crew, it turned out, was made up of Japanese naval officers.

When France annexed New Caledonia in 1853, 50,000 native Kanakas (some writers maintain 100,000) lived on the island. These were Melanesians, black-skinned, heavy-featured, and stocky-bodied. In their treatment of the natives the first French settlers chose a policy as ruthless as our own with respect to the American Indian. They deprived the Kanakas of their lands and herded them on reservations in the interior, where they were virtual prisoners. Today 28,000 Kanakas live on the island reservations.

The Kanaka is a stubborn, intrepid fighter and resisted the white invader for years. And from the first he resisted work. Neither force nor persuasion could break down that wall of stubbornness. His needs were few; he ac-

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quired no artificial needs. Why should he work for the white man? Why should he work at all?

Only one Frenchman, to my knowledge, ever succeeded in setting large numbers of Kanakas to work. He was a gendarme sent out from France as Head Commissioner for the natives. He knew nothing whatever about Kanakas, he said, or about any natives. He discovered the Kanakas and liked them. Then he had his idea. Since the native refused to work for the white man, might he not be willing to work for himself? The gendarme told the Kanakas that if they wanted to keep their land they must plant it. He suggested they plant coffee and promised them a market. To the surprise of everyone except the gendarme, the Kanakas did plant coffee, hundreds of acres. They were working for themselves.

In five years' time the gendarme's term of office expired. He was about to return to France when I saw him, highly pleased at the results obtained but fearful that his successor might lack courage to carry on the work. It had met with strong opposition from one colonial faction, which accused the Commissioner of encouraging "unfair competition."

In the early ground-breaking days of the colony the settlers made use of convict labor. The *bagnards,* however, proved to be as unsatisfactory as the Kanakas. They worked half-heartedly and were expensive. The state, if not the convicts, required pay for their services. They had to be fed. White men, even *bagnards,* need more food than black men. But Kanakas or *bagnards* it had to be. There was no other choice for the old-style planters, who went at things in a big way—acres of coffee, herds of cattle and horses, with perhaps a little copra on the side or a few gallons of *niaouli* oil just for pin money.

In 1893 the *bagne* was discontinued. During the thirty years of its existence 20,000 deported criminals—and nearly 4,000 political prisoners, after the Commune—came out from France. Some died, others returned home after having served their time, only a few hundred stayed on to start life anew. In the old buildings of the *bagne* only the "lifers" remained, and men too old and broken to go back. I saw them there—white-haired and pitiful.

New Caledonia's brief heyday of prosperity was linked with the development of the metal industry. After the Great War Javanese and Tonkinese were brought in by thousands to work in the mines and metal plants. Imported labor came high, not because of wages, which were shaved to a minimum, but because of transportation charges. However, New Caledonian metal interests were making money and could afford it.

Though the metal industry boomed, the colony as a whole remained backward. Before 1929 it had built barely one hundred miles of road. Agriculture was in a bad way. Of the old coffee plantations, many were run down and neglected. Fruit orchards and market gardens were practically non-existent. In 1937, with nearly a million acres available for pasture, settlers owned a little over 100,000 horned cattle. Milk, butter, vegetables, and fruit had to be imported from Australia.

Administration officials asserted that the New Caledonians lacked energy and initiative. The settlers blamed the administration. Why raise coffee if no profitable market was assured them? As for meat and wool, how compete with their big neighbor Australia in the world markets? They were building a meat-freezing plant; but what about ships to carry the product overseas? Hold space in ships to France was already taken up with copra from the New Hebrides and Oceania. Farm and grazing lands needed irrigation. Had the administration ever launched a large-scale irrigation program adapted to the needs of the colony? Or any large-scale program—transports, communications, buildings, or even schools?

The depression struck metal interests and up-country settlers alike. Little that the island produced was salable. Imported labor became a liability. Many Tonkinese were shipped back to Indo-China; they could be more easily sent home, contract or no contract, than the Javanese, for the colony had a hard-and-fast agreement with the Netherlands government.

Those years of stagnation widened the rift between Frenchmen at home and Frenchmen of the colony. Each group said the other exacted too much and did too little in return. "France neglects us," the New Caledonians complained. "France's own troubles come first—she cannot do the impossible," the administration retorted. Official reports carried lines like these: "In agriculture as in stock-raising the colonials show tendencies that bode ill for the development of economic activity." There was justification for both attitudes, though my sympathy was with the New Caledonians. There was a breezy something about them that reminded me of Australians or our own Westerners. I liked their "unruly independence."

"The trouble with us is, we began wrong," says a New Caledonian friend. "We started with the old colonial idea: big estates and slave labor—let the convict and the black, brown, or yellow man do the work. What this island needs is small farmers, men not too proud to roll up their sleeves and dig in. And free labor, whatever its color. There would be fewer big fortunes, but we would learn to stand on our feet. We need a working agreement with Australia and New Zealand; they are the ones we must live with, and many of our problems are the same. Our relationship with France, however close, is primarily a sentimental tie. Our economic future is out here."

Will it be autonomy—a "dominion status" within the restored French empire for this French Australia? New Caledonia is now in the battle zone. There may be fighting any day among the *niaouli* trees. One thing is certain—the island will never again be isolated. The war has brought the Western world to its shores; it has put France's "down under" definitely on the map.

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We Must Pay as We Go

BY JOHN CUNNINGHAM SPARKS

WE FACE the urgent problem of paying for the war. Both production and fighting are ultimately more vital, but no amount of glibness can minimize or dissipate the fiscal problem. We face also, apparently, a strange incapacity in our responsible officials to decide *how* we should pay. What is especially discouraging is the likelihood that our fiscal experts, preoccupied with their ritual of traditional procedures, are overlooking the obvious. And these are the men determining policy. We laymen can pretend to no expertness and are consequently not consulted. But we should like a word now, before it is too late.

We must clear the air with two elementary propositions which should be manifest to expert and layman alike.

First, there is only one time when we can, in any common-sense meaning of the phrase, pay for the war. It is when we fight the war. A corollary is that war costs cannot be shifted to future generations, except in so far as war damage actually continues in the future. Soldiers maimed now must be maintained, and areas devastated now must be rebuilt, in the future. So in the future the nation must pay a part of its current income, or production, for that maintenance and rebuilding until it is completed.

Were we to borrow abroad the materials and services used in fighting, then in so far as the war did not consume our own current production, and in so far as we left the loans to be repaid from future production, we could shift the war cost to the future. But in this war we are, in fact, on the other end of the stick.

Beyond these contingencies, then, we as a nation must pay the war cost now and cannot shift it to the future. For if current national production is worth, say, $100 billion, and if war materials and services constitute half of this, then we are spending $50 billion of production on the war and keeping $50 billion to live on. There is no way around it. We must pay now for the obvious reason that a war can be fought only with what is on hand. It can be fought only with accumulated stocks—past production we did not consume and current production we do not consume but devote instead to fighting. These war-consumed materials and services *are* the economic cost of the war.

Secondly, the government, the nation, is the sole possible buyer of the war production which constitutes half of our total production, and there are only two basic ways for the government to get title to the buying power, the half of our total income, representing this war production. It can tax the income out of the hands of original receivers, in which case the money changes hands permanently. Or it can borrow the income, in which case there is a promise to repay with interest in the future. We need only note a further alternative. The government could, as was done in the Civil War, simply print sufficient quantities of legal tender and use it to pay for war production.

What are our fiscal officials doing in terms of these propositions? They are simply trying to decide how much of the war cost can and should be met by taxing and how much by borrowing. But implicit in their approach are two fallacies, one born of ambiguity and the other of a historical illusion.

The ambiguity arises from assuming that we cannot possibly pay the full war cost "as we go," and from confusing what is possible for the individual with what is possible for the nation. For while the nation cannot avoid paying "as we go," and cannot shift the war cost to the future, an individual can in fact do both if the government finances the war by borrowing.

To illustrate, if Mr. Smith, with a $10,000 income, could choose between paying $5,000 in war taxes and lending $5,000 by buying bonds, he would lend. Of course, in ten years the government must levy $6,666 ($5,000 plus interest) in extra taxes to retire these bonds. But while a minority of citizens will, like Mr. Smith, own the bonds being retired, the whole nation must pay the necessary taxes. So even if Mr. Smith's post-war tax burden is, say, $1,666 greater because of the extra bond-retirement levies than it would otherwise have been, he will still get back his full $5,000.

In retiring war bonds the people will pay the Treasury a sum in extra taxes and get the same sum back in exchange for their bonds. Those with no bonds will pay the extra taxes and get nothing back. They, as individuals, will still be paying for the war. Financing the war by borrowing is, then, a way for bond-buyers to shift much of the war cost to future taxpayers.

The offending historical illusion is that in war finance the Treasury should take in all it can in taxes, meeting as much of the war cost as possible "as we go," but that this is never enough, and therefore the deficit must be met by selling bonds. This is patently nonsense.

How could there be any question, as the historical illusion implies, of there not being enough current income to be taxed? The income receivers have it because they cannot avoid having a total income equal in value

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to the total national production. The only possible question is whether the Treasury is to obtain its half of the total income by taxing or by borrowing. It is an either-or proposition. In other words, if individuals have the surplus income to buy war bonds, they must have the same surplus income to pay war taxes.

One qualification accompanies the proposal that the Treasury finance the war solely through taxation of current income. The post-war shift from war-time to peace-time production will require extensive individual adjustments. With this in mind, war bonds and stamps have been promoted as a backlog of savings for post-war contingencies. The problem is a very real one. By taking its cue from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Treasury could permit everyone to buy war bonds up to a maximum of, say, $5,000. This would be for personal post-war security. Corporations as well as individuals must survive the reorganization period, and they should similarly be permitted to buy war bonds up to a limit calculated individually or by size-group. But all surplus current income beyond the backlogs should be taken in taxes.

How would these war income taxes be calculated? The Treasury and other government agencies have all the data required. They can calculate what the individual in each income group requires to buy his equitable share of what is available. To illustrate, assume that a family normally spends a $2,400 income as follows:

Food	$480	Automobile	$120
Rent	480	Other travel	60
Clothing	240	Tobacco	60
Household operation	180	Reading	60
Furnishings	120	Taxes, gifts	120
Medical care	120	Savings	240
		Miscellaneous	120

A glance tells the story. Many of these items will be unobtainable for the duration of the war. The income they normally absorb when they are produced must now be used by the government to pay for war materials and services which are being produced instead. If the income receiver has buying power left after paying for his equitable share of what is available, the surplus belongs to the government, to the nation. There is no reason why the nation should have to promise future repayment in order to get the money.

There are manifest differences in the budgetary requirements of individuals in different income groups. The big-income man has fixed obligations in interest or insurance-premium payments, for example, which the small-income man does not have in like degree. Allowances must be made for all variable factors. But when all of the calculating is finished, the government will be taking in taxes the total national income above the value of non-war goods and services available on the market—still allowing, of course, for the backlog bond purchases in lieu of taxation.

There would be no trouble with the statistical task, which is complicated but quite feasible. The Treasury can calculate the tax schedules with great precision. And what it would end up with for the 1942-43 fiscal year, in order to meet war-plus-normal expenditures of $59 billion, would be not $26 billion in taxes but something more nearly approaching the $59 billion, and a bond plan not for $33 billion but for nothing beyond the aggregate of backlogs.

Meanwhile the Treasury continues to think in terms of classical but irrelevant taxation concepts. It acts in terms of the "law of diminishing total revenue"—the rule that people react to an increase in excise rates by buying fewer of the articles taxed. But a proper war income tax does not depend on anybody's buying anything. It depends solely upon a nation of individuals receiving the national income, which can scarcely be avoided.

Some will claim that war-bond buyers voluntarily deny themselves the equivalent in purchases, that after the war they simply get back what they denied themselves during the war, and that bond interest is the reward for abstinence. And contrarily, those not buying bonds use their surplus for personal benefit. This argument suggests that war-bond buyers, instead of plotting to shift the burden of war costs, sacrifice the most, and that non-buyers are the ones evading the burden.

Our concern is not personal motives but total national effects. But the answer is that you cannot abstain from something you cannot get. To illustrate, if normally one consumed annually 104 pounds of sugar costing $5.20, and if now one cannot legally or honorably consume more than 26 pounds costing $1.82, it is nonsense to claim voluntary abstention from spending $3.38 on sugar. There are only four real alternatives for using the surplus $3.38. If one were not forced (a) to pay it in taxes, and if one were not permitted (b) to buy war bonds with it, there would remain only two uses one could possibly abstain from: (c) saving it in cash, or (d) using it to bid up the prices of available goods and services. In short, as actual consumer buying power this surplus income is a fiction. For the only goods on the market representing the surplus income are war goods which only the government buys.

What is the over-all result when the surplus income is used to compete for available goods? Again assume $100 billion of production, half war goods and half consumers' goods. Assume a government tax revenue of $25 billion and that individuals buy no bonds. Then $75 billion of current consumer income will compete for the $50 billion of current consumers' goods on the market. Consumers will pretend that $50 billion of goods are really worth $75 billion and pay out their income accordingly. Obviously the aggregate of consumers get the

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same amount of goods. But beyond this absurdity, the prices of war production will undoubtedly rise sympathetically; so that the government will need not $50 billion but considerably more. In order to get what it needs beyond tax revenues, the government must force the creation of bank credit and sell bonds to banks. The over-all result is that during the war the aggregate of consumers get no more goods than if they had left prices alone and paid their surplus income as taxes. And after the war the government, hence the taxpayers, must repay the borrowed billions plus interest to the banks.

And what happens when surplus current income is used for neither taxes, nor bonds, nor price inflation, but is simply retained as cash deposits? Clearly the government, with a tax revenue meeting only half its needs, must borrow from the banks. Prices need not rise. But after the war the taxpayers must repay the banks, while the surplus income owners will have title to cash deposits. This would mean that after the war these depositors would have buying power, cash balances in the banks, representing no production on the market whatever. In three or four years of our stupendous war expenditure the aggregate accumulation could easily be $75 to $150 billion. That it could serve as a stimulus to post-war production is no justification for such an accumulation, which is technically possible only at the cost of burdening post-war taxpayers with debts to the same amount plus interest. It is unthinkable that any group should be permitted to build up such a post-war cash reserve out of our national expenditure for survival.

The war gives the maxim of "taxation according to ability to pay" its ultimate meaning. Progressively the nation requires every scrap of production, hence every cent of income, that everyone can spare beyond the requirements of maintenance. *All he can spare.* If he can spare it in war bonds he can spare it in war taxes.

Consider the ten million men soon to be in our fighting forces. Can they quibble about what they can spare? People feeling half guilty and half pleased about how well they are doing out of the war, resent this comparison. But they must face it. The obligation of sacrifice is not the exclusive prerogative of young men in good health. Fighting men cannot continue their occupational training, or improve their positions, or save money to invest in post-war security, as civilians are doing. They spare everything a man can give, including their lives, and to make this exaction the government does not have to promise to repay everything after the war at 2.9 per cent cumulative interest. The fighting man, in return for maintenance, contributes *the whole of his current life* to fighting the war for all of us. Surely, in all equity, the civilian can do no less. He can give *the whole of his current income* beyond what is required for maintenance.

All the Administration need do is work out a realistic "pay as we go by taxation" proposal, and explain all of the "reasons why" to the public at large. Surely there are enough millions of little people, patriotic little people, who are eager and impatient to sacrifice and who have had more than enough of special privilege, to force even a reluctant Congress to do its duty.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Why Tires Must Be Conserved

FROM the clamor of authoritative statements on the rubber situation only one point of general agreement emerges—the certainty that ordinary civilian motorists will have to go without new tires for the duration. This, by itself, should greatly stimulate economy in their use but not to the extent necessary to keep the essential minimum number of cars moving for the next two or three years.

The chart on the next page illustrates our dependence on private automobiles for normal mobility, though it does not tell the whole story. For the statistics on which it is based refer only to inter-city travel, excluding commutation and other local traffic, which, it is estimated, accounts for at least an equal volume of passenger-car mileage. One thing is immediately clear from the chart: we cannot, as a nation, expect to accomplish our normal amount of gadding about by falling back on mass-transportation methods. Air travel is already being drastically reduced by the army's need for transport planes. Railroads and long-distance buses are being hard pressed to take care of both military and civilian passenger traffic, and priorities for railroad seats are becoming a near probability. Even if we assume that 50 per cent of the inter-city automobile journeys are for pleasure only and can be cut out entirely, we are still left with a volume of more or less essential traffic too great to be handled by the buses and railroads.

Similarly, at least 50 per cent of the annual short-distance passenger-car mileage is both essential to the maintenance of economic life and of a character which makes its diversion to mass-transportation systems almost impossible. In a pamphlet just published by the Brookings Institution, Charles L. Dearing shows that less than 10 per cent of all passenger cars in 1936, when a survey was made by the United States Public Roads Administration, were used exclusively or almost exclusively for recreational or social purposes, while approximately 82 per cent accounted for more than 30 per cent of their total mileage by business activities. He points out that about 57,000,000 people living in rural areas are preponderantly dependent on some 10,000,000 cars for their normal mobility. Another 13,000,000 living in urban centers without means of mass transportation are pri-

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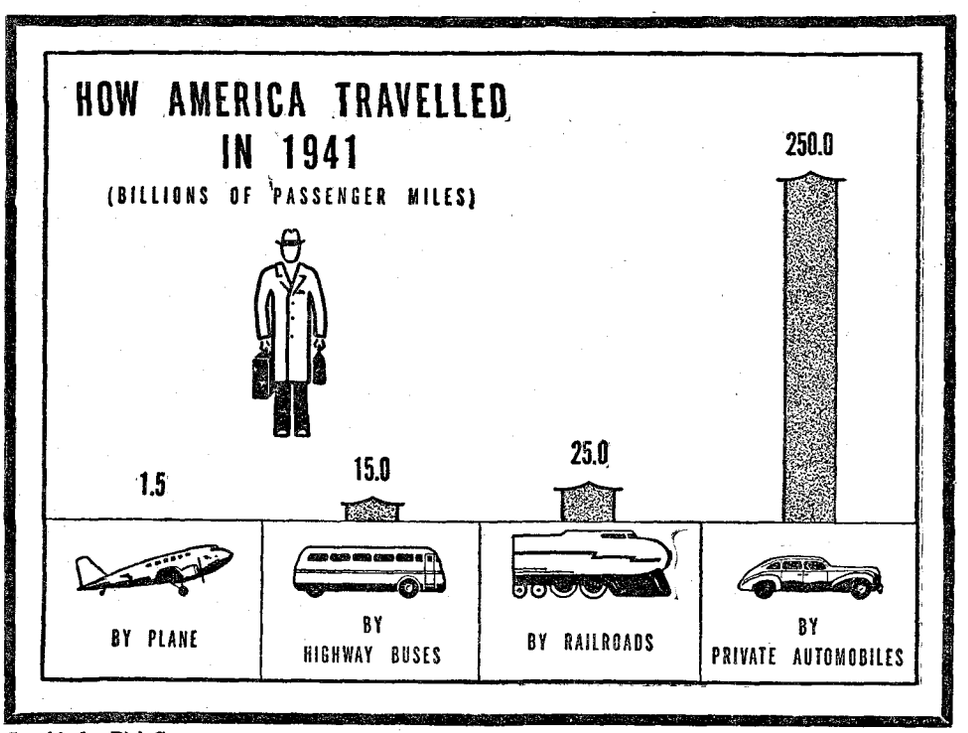
marily dependent on 3,000,000 cars for local mobility. This means that more than half the total population would have their lives seriously disorganized if they were entirely deprived of private automobiles, although most of them could no doubt manage on a considerably smaller annual mileage.

Even in metropolitan districts with highly organized bus and street-car services, the tendency of the population to spill over into the suburbs has made the automobile an essential means of transport for many workers. And the situation has been complicated by the location of great defense plants outside the cities. In the sprawling Los Angeles district, for instance, 70 per cent of the workers drive to their jobs. No possible expansion of mass transport can serve as a substitute for their cars. Yet within a year a large proportion will be immobilized by lack of tires.

Facts like these highlight the necessity of conserving enough rubber in our greatest stockpile—the tires now in service—to keep rolling the essential minimum of cars, estimated by Mr. Dearing at around 20,000,000. But if normal driving habits continue, the visible supply of tires will not, he declares, maintain adequate automobile transportation much beyond the first quarter of 1943, and by the end of that year we shall have only 10,000,000 usable cars.

It is difficult to find fault with his conclusion that in order to avoid wholesale requisitioning of tires we must submit to enforced conservation by drastic restriction of non-essential motoring. The only feasible method appears to be nation-wide gas rationing. But the problem of how to get the tires thus saved upon the wheels of the particular cars which must be kept moving will still have to be met.



Graphic by Pick-S

In the Wind

AS PART of its campaign against all liberal movements, Colonel McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* has been forced to attack several of its former employees. On May 25 the paper carried a three-column article apologizing to its readers because William L. Shirer, Edmond Taylor, George Seldes, and Jay Allen had once served as foreign correspondents for the *Tribune*.

SOME OFFICIALS of the California branch of the Office of Civilian Defense wrote headquarters in Washington asking for a high priority rating on materials needed for a gas-decontamination school. They received a reply from Maury Maverick saying that the materials were unavailable, but that he would promise quick delivery when the war ended.

SPEAKING BEFORE the Atlanta Federation of Women's Clubs, W. T. Anderson, a local editor and raw-food addict said, "If I were Governor of Georgia, I'd burst up every cook stove and send the scrap to war. The cook stove is the curse of our day. In six months' time we'd all be strong enough to beat the Germans and the Japs put together."

A RADIO ANNOUNCER on a foreign-language radio station in New York was recently fired on suspicion of being an enemy agent. On a nightly broadcast of recordings he dedicated each number to the crew of a ship leaving port that evening.

ALTHOUGH he told reporters that he was giving up his political work and seeking a job in the war effort, Earl Browder is back at his desk as general secretary of the Communist Party.

THE CASE of a young man who was drafted despite the fact that he was the father of six children is only the first of many bookkeeping errors in Selective Service administration that will be exploited by the isolationist press.

MANY PROMINENT liberals are campaigning for the appointment of Elmer Davis as co-ordinator of all the government information services if they are reorganized. According to Washington observers, the reason that the various agencies have not yet been merged is that the army and navy are reluctant to subordinate their news and information services to any civilian-controlled agency.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

I WAS inducted into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at the age of eight by being totally immersed in an ice pond—in October. I absorbed the story of the settlement of Utah as one absorbs one's family history. Perhaps for that very reason I have read very few of the books and tracts, pro and con, which make up the literature on the subject. I don't qualify, therefore, as an expert on Mormon history in the usual sense, but I can bear testimony, as the Mormons say, that Nels Anderson's portrayal of their ways and attitudes in "Desert Saints" (University of Chicago Press, $4) is completely authentic. And for me, at least, he has put the curious and impressive Mormon episode in its proper perspective in relation to our frontier history as a whole. Mormonism was, and is, a compound of archaic theology and crude pragmatism; the secret of its success and its survival is to be found in this combination—and in the fortuitous fact that the two elements were so nicely joined in the practical theocrat, Brigham Young, who succeeded the religious fanatic, Joseph Smith, at just the right moment.

Without the empire-building drive of Brigham Young, Smith's queer religious sect might have gone the way of oblivion—along with the many other queer sects that sprang up in America in the first half of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, without the absolute theocratic structure which Smith had built, and which Young continued, the Mormon settlement of Utah would probably have failed. Utah lay on the main trail to California and gold; only the fanatic faith and complete obedience of his followers enabled Young, first, to enforce his choice of territory and, second, to implement to an extraordinary degree his plan for a cooperative society based on cultivation of the land rather than the exploitation of the get-rich-quicker resources of the American frontier. Young chose the basin of the Great Salt Lake because his plan for a self-sufficient theocratic society required isolation. In the end his dream was thwarted. Isolation became impossible, and the Mormons were inevitably drawn into the main current of American development; whereupon the church, for self-preservation, accepted its decline as a theocracy, turned to the "worldly" pursuits, such as mining, which it had previously forbidden to the faithful, and itself became an entrepreneur in the America of industrialism and big business.

Mr. Anderson deals briefly with the founding of the church, but his main story covers the period beginning with the arrival of the pioneers in Utah in 1847 and ending in the late seventies, when the vision of "Deseret" had faded, and Utah's principal objective was to become part of the United States.

Mr. Anderson gives a detailed picture of family and communal life in Deseret and a full account of Zion's struggle with the hostile outside world. Needless to say, he deals at length with the institution of polygamy—which the Mormons finally sacrificed in order to achieve statehood. Mr. Anderson maintains that to Brigham Young, if not to Joseph Smith, polygamy was essentially a political expedient to speed the growth of Zion and implement its desire to become an independent empire. Likewise to the Gentiles it was a political issue, a weapon with which to wrest control of Utah from the church, rather than the moral issue they made it out to be.

Mr. Anderson lived in Utah for a total of eighteen years. He joined the church in 1909, and he still retains a "nominal" affiliation with it. The nature of this affiliation is revealed in the tone of his book—a mixture of friendly skepticism toward Mormon theology and of respect for the vigor, integrity, and ability of the men and women who made the "desert blossom as the rose" by sheer hard work and fanatic faith. He is a trained sociologist and had funds for research. His friendly relations with the Mormons gave him access to many church records and unpublished private journals; and he also had at his disposal the fruits of the research done by the Writers' Project and the Historical Records Survey. His book, therefore, is thoroughly documented—each chapter is followed by copious notes which the general reader may skip but which contain much fascinating detail—and it gives by far the most comprehensive and objective account I have read of the Utah frontier.

It goes without saying that the figure of Brigham Young dominates the book. Mr. Anderson's portrait is the familiar one, but it has a perennial fascination. One is struck anew by Young's gusto, his intelligence, and his humor, which was as broad and crude and indigenous as the Western plains. I liked particularly the story of his encounter with P. T. Barnum's Tom Thumb. The little man told Young that he didn't understand polygamy. "Don't worry," said Young, "when I was your size I didn't understand it either."

MARGARET MARSHALL

Waugh and Peace

PUT OUT MORE FLAGS. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

AS A satirist of that period in the history of the English upper-middle classes known as the twenties—which in this particular sense includes most of the thirties—Evelyn Waugh is without parallel. That he should produce a book in his customary vein during the war would seem impossible, but in "Put Out More Flags" he has bravely ushered familiar characters from his previous works into the new era, and produced a satire with an undertone of regeneration—an experiment more successful than it sounds. Admirers of "Vile Bodies" and "Decline and Fall" may wish that Mr. Waugh, like Proust when confronted with a similar situation, had ignored current events and pursued the past. However, for Mr. Waugh's purpose the *Sitzkrieg* period in England proved very similar to the twenties, and he has contrived to make his characters pursue familiar paths, only slightly in-

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convenienced by the war. There is every reason, in fact, why this book should be as good as any of his previous work, were it not that Mr. Waugh has to some extent outgrown his characters, and instead of now regarding them with sympathy and concealed admiration is inclined to treat them with a certain hauteur.

In a foreword dedicating the book to Major Randolph Churchill Mr. Waugh puts his finger on its weakness. He remarks that "these characters are no longer contemporary in sympathy," an admission that Mr. Waugh has himself lost sympathy with them—an error for the satirist who, in order to be completely successful, must secretly admire while publicly chastising. Mr. Waugh is, of course, a snob—a characteristic which contributes considerably to the more successful portions of the book, for in Basil Seal, the unscrupulous hero-cad with a titled mother, in Angela Lyne, whose income is still very much in the upper brackets despite war-time taxation, and in Barbara Sothill, who can still be mistress of her beautiful country home even though it is overrun with evacués, he has a complete confidence which allows him to treat them with the warmth, only moderately tempered with superiority, conducive to his best type of humor. At such institutions as the War Office and the Ministry of Information he can also poke the most delightful fun, assured that when the real test comes, they, like the British aristocracy, will come through with flying colors.

But unfortunately he is not content to deal with safe and familiar subjects, and attacks with more enthusiasm than subtlety a fading pansy with a witty tongue and an appearance and manner familiar enough to prove that it is a waste of time for Mr. Waugh to describe him, and a bunch of parlor pinks equally common or garden. One of the parlor pinks paints in the manner of Dali, and the remainder practically slop cocoa on the studio divan in the stress of discussing the case of Parsnip and Pimpernell, two English poet collaborators who happen to be in America—good enough for *Punch* maybe, but not for Mr. Waugh. However, apart from these errors in taste and one or two *longueurs* there is much of the very best Waugh and a little even better. The activities of the Anti-Religious Department of the Ministry of Information are quite hilarious and alone make the book worth reading.

ANTHONY BOWER

Jews and Gentiles

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD. Edited by Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Britt. The Macmillan Company. $4.

WHEN a group of learned men join together to illumine a vexing problem, the result is usually a threefold one, and this symposium is no exception. Some of the wise men really throw new light upon the problem by their presentation of relevant facts and their interpretation of those facts. Some of the learned men hold the candle light of the obvious to the daylight of common experience. They tell us what almost everybody knows, dressing out common-sense knowledge in scientific jargon. Some of the wise men are not so wise. They talk pretentious nonsense.

In this discussion of the important problem of Jewish-Gentile relations the historians really come off best. They clarify the problem by their historical research. An anthropologist, Professor Carleton Stevens Coon of Harvard, contributes a valuable chapter on the question: Have the Jews a Racial Identity? He believes that a racial identity has been preserved through all the centuries of the Diaspora and offers a wealth of scientific-historical data to support his conclusions. His thesis is challenged by Professor Melville Jacobs, but not very convincingly.

Miriam Beard's chapter entitled Anti-Semitism, Product of Economic Myths, marshals her great learning in the field of economic history to refute the widely held belief that Jews are greedy and unscrupulous in economic life. She guns particularly for Werner Sombart, whose "The Jews and Economic Life" in her opinion "gave as much support to Hitlerism as the works of Gobineau and Lothrop Stoddard." The presupposition of her chapter is, however, mistaken. Economic myths cannot be the primary cause of anti-Semitism, particularly when they are as obviously untrue as she proves them to be. The question is, what predisposes people to create and to believe such myths?

Other valuable historical chapters are The Position of the Jews in the Economic Life of America by Jacob Lestchinsky, The Jewish Role in Western Culture by Professor Joseph W. Cohen, and three imaginative studies of Jews in specific American communities, one on the Jews of "Milltown" by Professor Jessie Bernard, one on the Jews of Buna by Professor Leonard Bloom, and finally a study of the economic structure of the Jewish community of Stamford, Connecticut, by Professor Samuel Koenig. It may be stretching a point to include all these excellent studies in the category of "history." But they all present significant historical data.

At least one reader finds much less value in the efforts of sociological and psychological scientists to interpret the realities. One sociologist, however, Professor Carl Mayer of the New School of Social Research, rises considerably above mere scientific analysis in a profound examination of the Religious and Political Aspects of Anti-Judaism.

Many of the other chapters arrive at rather obvious conclusions after a great expenditure of learning. We learn that "Jews have always stood out as a relatively homogeneous group over and against the Gentiles in all modern civilizations. This means that there has always been latent anti-Semitism, because there is always latent hostility between in-groups and out-groups, even when in certain respects the in-group includes the out-group as the total national group includes the Jewish-national group in a democracy." Precisely so. This is the basic fact about the anti-Semitic problem. If fully understood it would obviate some of the tortuous and specious explanations given for the hostility between the Jews and Gentiles in some of the other chapters, and even in the chapter in which this conclusion is reached. We learn there that anti-Semitism represents a displacement of aggressive and hostile attitudes. But this does not help us very much. For having transferred to the Jews hostility actually meant for the mother-in-law, we are at a loss to find another proper object of "displacement"; and we can't count on "molders of public opinion" having "either the time or the inclination to undergo psychoanalysis." Perhaps, it is suggested, we can try psychoanalysis on the children. These

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futile suggestions prove that nothing is more fatuous than to deal with group conflicts in purely psychoanalytical terms, hoping and yet not daring to hope that we can make over all individuals to such a degree that there will be no friction between collective entities in human society.

In several instances the scientists seem to reach doubtful conclusions. Some regard the conflict between Jews and Gentiles as primarily racial and see no solution for it but to invite the Jews to commit ethnic suicide. Others think the conflict is primarily cultural and religious. Interpretations of Jewish culture and religion produce some very strange notions, among them the idea that Jewish monotheism is "quite obviously compensatory, when one looks at the history of this maligned and persecuted race." Jewish monotheism is a good deal older than the anti-Semitism of the Diaspora; and psychoanalytical interpretations of culture are very dubious. What was Plato compensating for in his monotheism?

An anonymous author thinks that what passes for racial antipathy is actually a profound conflict between the Jewish and the Christian ethos, and that the difference between them is found in the Christian emphasis upon humility and self-sacrifice and the Jewish indifference to these virtues. Of all the explanations of hostility this is the most improbable. "If one group preaches the beauty of the doctrine of self-sacrifice," declares the anonymous author, "and tries however unsuccessfully to live up to it while another preaches just the reverse, the outcome is to be expected." It is difficult to understand why this kind of libel against Jewish ethics was included in the symposium.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

"A Report from the Battlefronts"

by

EVE CURIE

A direct, first-hand, eyewitness account of how the United Nations now fare in the worldwide fight for freedom, from the only woman who has been to each of the major fighting fronts—Mlle. Eve Curie, daughter of the world-famous discoverers of radium, war correspondent, lecturer, writer, and observer—just returned from a 40,828-mile flight which in five months took her across Africa, Europe and Asia.

***Pour la Victoire,* the French weekly, has been fortunate in obtaining Mlle. Curie's consent to address a public meeting in New York City at**

JUNE 15 8:30 P. M. **MANHATTAN CENTER** 311 West 34th St. **JUNE 15** 8:30 P. M.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, presiding

Under the auspices of

POUR LA VICTOIRE

with the patronage of His Excellency Dr. Hu Shih, Ambassador of China; His Excellency Jan Ciechanowski, Ambassador of Poland; His Excellency Lord Halifax, Ambassador of Great Britain; His Excellency Maxim Litvinoff, Ambassador of the U. S. S. R.; His Excellency Dr. A. Loudon, Ambassador of the Netherlands; His Excellency Georges Theunis, Ambassador of Belgium; His Excellency M. C. Fotitch, Minister of Yugoslavia; and his Excellency Jan Masaryk, Minister of Czecho-Slovakia.

Proceeds will be divided among the following relief agencies: Free French Relief Committee, United China Relief, British War Relief, Russian War Relief, Polish Women's Relief, American Friends of Yugoslavia, Queen Wilhelmina Fund and Belgium in Britain.

TICKETS: ($1.65, $1.10, 85¢, 55¢) On Sale at POUR LA VICTOIRE, 535 Fifth Avenue, 44th Street Bookfair, 135 West 44th Street, hotel and ticket agencies.

Thurman Arnold, Trust Buster

DEMOCRACY AND FREE ENTERPRISE. By Thurman Arnold. University of Oklahoma Press. $1.

THE history of the American economy is one of increasing efforts, verging on the superhuman, to prevent the people of this country from obtaining the goods that our great resources and technological skills have made possible. American capitalists, noted for their ingenuity, have outdone themselves in this endeavor to keep production low and prices high, employing patents, financial controls, boycotts, combinations, trademarks—in fact, every imaginable device. The rest of our society has followed suit in desperation. Small business men have formed trade associations; farmers have fought for parity prices by legislation; labor unions have limited membership and resisted new methods and materials. "Thus," says Thurman Arnold, "the four horsemen—fixed prices, low turnover, restricted production, and monopoly control—rode through our economy from factory to farm." The picture Mr. Arnold presents of a nation striving so earnestly to throttle itself is not new, but it is always a shocking one.

Mr. Arnold, as all who read the daily press know, believes that this "disease of cartelization" can be cured by exposure and indictment. He insists furthermore that we should do it now if we are to obtain sufficient production to win the war. And lastly he has a vision of an era of plenty after the war achieved through free and unrestricted enterprise. These ideas and beliefs constitute the core of this little book of fifteen or twenty thousand words, a printing of some lectures recently delivered at the University of Omaha. It is not a sensational book compared to Mr. Arnold's usual standards; it lacks the wit and pungency of the "Folklore of Capitalism," and it is repetitious despite its brevity. Its main value is as a background to the recent revelations of the anti-trust division and as a statement of Mr. Arnold's own economic philosophy.

Mr. Arnold is performing a useful war function. The attitude of the Administration, under pressure from the dollar-a-year cartelists, in begging Mr. Arnold to cease exposing restraints of production in order not to hamper production is paradoxical to say the least. "Hush, please," say the dollar-a-year men, "everything is all right now; let's get back on the job." But a few weeks ago L. Gerald Firth, president of the Firth-Sterling Steel Company, testified that General Electric was still preventing him from selling tungsten-carbide to Canada. The anti-trust division should be permitted to function, as Mr. Arnold says, "as a watchdog, to see that neither new curbs are imposed on independent enterprise nor old ones perpetuated."

Mr. Arnold is essentially a prosecutor and detective rather than a first-rate economist. His thinking is too breezy for sound theory even when his language is heavy, and he has an offhand arrogance toward ideas other than his own that is exasperating. Having so ably exposed the essential inefficiency of a capitalism which has as its goal profits rather than high production and wide distribution, Mr. Arnold offers us for the world of tomorrow only a return via the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to a primitive capitalism. "All we need to do," he says, "is to catch the vision of how surpluses

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distribute themselves in the absence of restricted control." It is this kind of talk that moved Sidney Hook to use the word "naive" five times in six lines in one of his essays on Thurman Arnold. Mr. Arnold maintains that free competition is more efficient than planned production, but he actually fails to draw any distinction between planning to increase trade and distribution, as in a socialist state, and planning to restrain trade, as in our cartelized capitalism. In damning the latter Mr. Arnold seems to feel sure that he has disposed of the former.

Confronted, then, by the paradox of Mr. Arnold, the reviewer can only resort to James Thurber's kind of mixed metaphor: let us turn our backs on his economic visions but put our shoulders to the wheel behind his present efforts.

BERNARD TAPER

The East European Puzzle

PROBLEMS OF THE DANUBE BASIN. By C. A. Macartney. Cambridge University Press. $1.25.

TORNADO ACROSS EASTERN EUROPE. By Josef Hanc. Foreword by Jan Masaryk. The Greystone Press. $3.

THESE two volumes were written by scholars, one a historian, the other a diplomat, and they supplement each other. Mr. Macartney, who next to Wickham Steed and Seton Watson is the outstanding authority on his subject, has chosen the historical approach to the Danubian problem. His succinct yet complete outline of the life and death of the Hapsburg monarchy proves that the dissolution was inevitable. But the 1919 settlement, which "roughly reversed the earlier positions," made "an often brutal clearance of the past." As a result of this development the whole Danubian area succumbed economically to Germany, and in Macartney's view the "pressure from Germany . . . is likely to be permanent."

We hope not. In order to secure the national and economic freedom of the Danubian and Balkan nations against the imperialism of their neighbors the author hints at some new organization but does not suggest a definite solution. It is to be regretted that a serious historian like Macartney should occasionally become the victim of the racial theory. We are told for example that "the Jews are after all a profoundly different people who can never be assimilated," although the author himself admits that in Galicia and northern Hungary "they assimilated rapidly to the majority nationality" and were, indeed, "the chief inspirers of Magyar chauvinism." Nor do facts confirm his opinion that "the almost universal anti-Semitism" is an expression of a post-war "new nationalism." Neither Czecho-Slovak nor Yugoslav nationalism has provoked an anti-Semitic wave.

In dealing not only with the Danubian problem but with all East European issues Mr. Hanc starts from the complex ethnic structure rather than from the historical background. What he offers is, indeed, a perfect textbook of all political entanglements in Eastern Europe. He dissects the past and present of the countries and nations between Germany and Soviet Russia with lucidity and inpartiality and explains how the difference of methods in the quest for stabilization resulted in the dissolution of Anglo-French relations. It was

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the lag of Allied armament behind rampant Nazism, a lag increased by the economic crisis, which paved the road to disaster. Mr. Hanc's compendious account of the "great maelstrom" shows how the Nazis drew into their orbit the small countries they found in their "living space."

How prevent the process repeating itself after another Allied victory? As an answer to this crucial question Mr. Hanc suggests "a more perfect union" of the East European area, "on the basis of common agreements" but with the support of Allied enforcement. This goal may be desirable, but the author himself is aware of "certain practical difficulties." Unfortunately, most of the nations in this area suffer from the emotional political temper exemplified by Nazism, which has led mankind, in Grillparzer's word, "from humanism through nationalism to bestiality." It may take some time for the nations of Eastern Europe to start on the return trip, for which these two books are useful and readable guidebooks.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

How Begot, How Nourished? III

[*This is the last in a series of three commentaries.*]

POETRY is not served by indiscriminate remarks; and the reviewer who thinks that by commenting on everything in sight he is promoting a renaissance is under a grave delusion. Still, it might be interesting, now and then, to search the obscure and neglected areas: the optimist will hope to find a curious shell in the infinite litter along the sea-marge, or, in some dark unfathomed cave, some gem of purest ray; or the theorist to unearth a significant impulse or vital trend. But the critic who ventures on such ground will find that, without being able to say just where, he has crossed over into territory whose occupants must be dealt with no longer strictly as poets but rather, by virtue of their innocence, as artless, solitary, and apparently rather unhappy human beings. In a more populous quarter of the terrain are to be found those whose impulse to self-expression has led them to become the prey of the vanity publishers. For practical reasons alone, it might be useful to survey, occasionally, the output of even these; for their first defense, when attacked, is to retort that their critics do not read the books which they damn. Of course not; but even so, there is more fact than merit in their argument. Once your grocer gets a reputation for selling rotten eggs, even the hardiest conscience does not require you to eat a half-dozen a day, merely to keep proving your point.

None of the half-dozen books at hand, however, appear to bear the imprint of any of the more notorious vanity houses. In every case but one, I should venture, the author has personally assumed the entire risk of publication (correct me if I am wrong). Most of the half-dozen are sorrowful in tone; in most the writer seems more inclined to place confidence in his prophetic than his aesthetic viability.

"The Mending Year," by Claude T. Barnes, has little in common with the other five. This small book is copyrighted by the author, printed and bound by the Caxton Press at Caldwell, Idaho, and offered for sale by the Deseret Book Company in Salt Lake City for $1.50. This is said to be a "second edition," but I have an idea the phrase refers to a second brand-new series, and not a revision or reissue of the earlier version. The text takes the form of quatrains, one or more for each day in the year, usually descriptive of the changing seasons in the region of the Wasatch: here, for instance, is the entry for February 20:

> Where clinking juncos flock the weeded trail
> And crested jays outcry from barren limbs,
> The flickers drill above the strutting quail,
> And frozen brooklets hum their muffled hymns.

Sometimes, however, the author utters sentiments of a more reflective nature; as appropriate to May 30 he observes

> Below the sward of unregarded graves
> The heroed bones of valiant soldiers lie,
> Yet gratitude from dark oblivion saves
> Their rusted names, no longer doomed to die.

This, as you see, is not at all fashionable, nor is it particularly good; but one interesting point is that it is every bit as good, on its own level, as a great deal of the fashionable stuff that receives popular attention; and it shows a rather better ear than most. Also it is interesting to find such a survival in stream-lined, modern, up-to-date America of the literary mode of Thomas Gray, not merely in the formal metrics but also in sensibility.

M. N. Garnet's "October Bread," priced at 75 cents, is published by "The American Folk Group," but on what street in what city this group has headquarters there seems to be no way of telling. The tone of these works is that of early twentieth or late nineteenth-century verse rather than eighteenth-century poetry; the impulse alternates between the lyrical and the rhetorical. Machines replace nature as a field of observation; the pathetic fallacy is transferred to these. Like most contemporary writers Mr. Garnet is aware of the immanence of evil and fatality—"he knew that the present was sicker than the past/and that it grew sicker every year/and he sensed calamity in the end." In some ways Mr. Garnet's ideas seem even more obsolete than those of Mr. Barnes, by the operation of that law which makes things ten years out of date seem farther off than things a century or so away; how quaint, how dated, statements seem when they blame the evils of the world on the capitalist system! Who ever uses such language nowadays?

John Beecher, a young American of a family whose name is illustrious in the annals of Protestant preaching, hints at a similar diagnosis. His book, "Here I Stand," is issued by Dorothy Norman's Twice-a-Year Press and priced at $1.50. This autobiographical narrative in verse deals with the tragedy of the unavailable man; its direction is not always entirely clear, since the author has a difficult time in struggling against his sense of total recall; it is painfully honest in that it conveys the impression that the writer, for all his willingness to be used and his "creativity," might be a little difficult to get along with personally. Mr. Beecher's conviction is intense; his statement, however, is more apt to arouse pity than indignation: so its success as art seems inadvertent and its success as prophecy inadequate.

Ezra Goodman's "Twenty-five Poems" are published by the Rudor Press in New York City and priced at 75 cents. They are arranged to form a sequence, more or less, of variations on the familiar theme "We were born into an age of

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death and violence," touched, here and there, with the hope that hate may engender love or the flower break out of the stone. Mr. Goodman's line is controlled, his cadences are not unmusical; but he tends to drift off into a Spenderian vagueness, in spite of his attempts and occasional successes at pulling himself up short with an abrupt Audenesque concrete effect. The trouble seems to be that the language in general, however exact the image in particular, is conventional; the properties are too familiar; the tone might be that of any reasonably sensitive and competent person. Some of these poems have been printed in magazines that pay for poetry; and every season books more pretentious but no more viable are published by well-known firms: but perhaps Mr. Goodman has his own reasons for impatience.

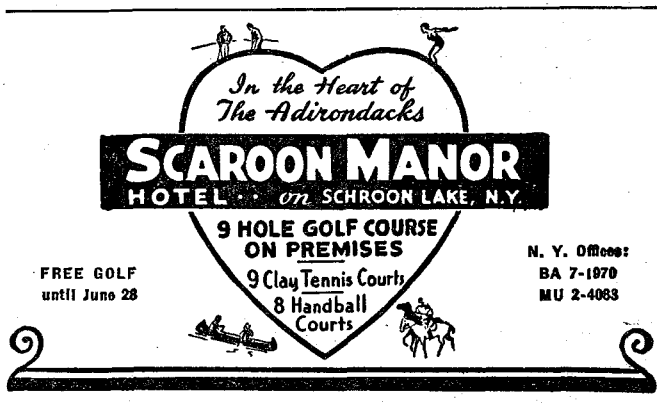
Phelps Morand has been closer, in actuality, to the world of death and violence than many of us have been, even in imagination. His little book, "I Had a Country," describes the emotions of an émigré from France to America; it is published by the Carmel Press in California with an introduction by Joseph Warren Beach. There are about twenty-five pages, unnumbered; the price is not stated. Writing in a language not his own, Mr. Morand expresses difficult feelings in a perfectly simple manner; he is factual and restrained, unhysterical. "Men strike. And women hate/ Because they cannot strike." His justness and severity give his utterance real emotional force. Like Mr. Beecher he feels himself an unwanted man, but there is no use in being self-pitying about it. Face and state the facts. M. Morand is so good when he is doing just this that perhaps his poem should have concluded before the last section.

"Death at the Purple Rim" was the Yale University prize poem of 1941 and has been brought out in book form by the author, Hyam Plutzik. The Artisan Press of Brooklyn did the printing; the book is priced at $1.50. There are thirty-seven pages. The lurid title is, by intention or otherwise, ironical; for this is no extravagant tale of mysterious adventure over exotic landscape but a description of the feelings of a young man before, during, and after killing a woodchuck on a Connecticut farm. You do not need to look for more than that in these pleasant running hexameters—which run on a bit too much, maybe—but it is only fair to pass along the typed description that the author has forwarded in his hopeful—and hopeless—memorandum to literary editors: "a poem of Connecticut—and of a civilized person who, like all his neighbors, is more than ready to do his assignment in this war, whatever it may be, but who, nevertheless, cannot resist crying out one last time against the odiousness and tragedy of killing." It is out of such feeling, one believes more and more, that the vital literature of the present and future will derive, official sanctions to the contrary notwithstanding. It is not only the killing that is odious but the invited degradation of the spoken and written word. Kill a man clean if you have to and have done with it; and spare friend and foe alike the slogans, the slop, and the horrible, horrible cant.

To sum up: each of the six writers mentioned above has in his work something of interest. I do not mean to sound patronizing in saying just that; neither do I urge that the study of such work will justify steady attention. As literature this writing is not very memorable; but it seems honestly felt, it is not being exploited, and its publication—which has cost the writers something—has proceeded as much from conviction as from fond and inordinate pride.

Just as I finish these remarks, there arrive three volumes from the press of Henry Harrison, "poetry publishers." The reviewer is usually affected by the sight of this imprint to peremptory dismissal of the books that bear it or to perhaps unnecessary compassion for the authors. The three books are "Mississippi, I Love You," by Charles Granville Hamilton; "Why Hold the Hound," by Eleanor Slater, whose first volume of verse was Number 21 in the Yale Series of Younger Poets; and "Liebestraum," by Stanley Polk Higgins, with a foreword by Clement Wood. Mr. Hamilton deserves a better fate: the other volumes do not fall perceptibly below Mr. Harrison's usual standard.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES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IN BRIEF

THE SEASON. By David Walden. The Greystone Press. $2.50.

Summer in the Catskills is the theme of a first novel of real if homely talent. It's a bad season, and Sam Barsky, proprietor of Pinecrest, isn't a very good business man. To make matters worse, he has a new wife to cope with. The only way he can wrest a profit from his hotel is to exploit his assorted "helps," which he does unscrupulously. Mr. Walden deals with characters of the Weidman-Kober sort, but he has neither Weidman's bitterness nor Kober's mocking humor. Perhaps his novel lacks bite just because of his simple kindliness, but he has written a pleasant book, refreshing in its unpretentiousness.

THE COMMANDOS. By Elliott Arnold. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

An American who fought with the Spanish Loyalists becomes an officer in the British commandos and with the help of his Nazi-hating sweetheart attempts to finish in Norway what he began in Spain. There is a broad streak of Hemingway in this novel—in the conception of its hero and heroine, in its love scenes, and in its concern with the techniques of a highly specialized kind of warfare. The author of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" still has nothing to fear from his disciples, but his influence has done a good deal to raise books like this above the common level of adventure fiction.

THE SUN DIAL. By Richard Austin Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The sea in this writer's blood does strange things to his prose and to his notions of people. A novel about the life of a Maine sea-going man who talks prose-poetry and is answered in kind by all the other characters.

HURRICANE CAYE. By Margaret Shedd. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Love and death in Central America—all the familiar tropical ingredients, from native drums to hurricanes, mixed in a fancy concoction and seasoned with phony references to Darius Milhaud and a violin concerto of Prokofieff's. Miss Shedd is hailed by her publishers as a gifted stylist. Example of style: "One answer veered sheer diagonally above Seven Hills: Jules Olcutt's plane, gleaming like a surgeon's knife to dissect clean the orbicularity of hills and sky."

ASHES OF GOLD. By Helen Virginia Botsford. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

The white man, seeking gold, comes to a remote village in Mexico and upsets the traditional world of the natives. The story has often been told: the good peons, the greedy foreigner, the inevitable revolution and readjustment. Miss Botsford's novel won an Honorable Mention in the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship. It is written in the "primitive" style that is becoming so tiresome—Burgess Meredith speaking a continuity by Steinbeck—but competently, and one hopes the young author will get beyond this sterile manner.

ARCHER PILGRIM. By Don Jackson. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

The hero of Mr. Jackson's novel, another Honorable Mention in the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship, is a boy with a consuming passion for farming. Archer Pilgrim's parents are farmers themselves, but they have greater ambitions for their son. To please them, the boy tries college without success, business with some success but no satisfaction. It is only when he returns to the soil that he finds happiness. The author is a student of agricultural journalism at Iowa State College. He has little to add to an already familiar theme, but he writes with simplicity, and he does nicely with the scenes of his hero's childhood.

THE BERTRAND RUSSELL CASE. Edited by John Dewey and Horace M. Kallen. $2.50.

Though very different methods were used, the issues in the case of Bertrand Russell and in that of Giordano Bruno, who was burned alive 340 years ago, were essentially the same. As the nine philosopher-guardsmen of civil liberty who contribute to this book make clear, not only has academic freedom been violated but justice has miscarried. Freedom of teaching, too, has its limits, but none of its assailants have so far propounded the argument that the students of City College were unfit, because of their immaturity, to attend lectures on mathematics by a scholar whose moral views were unconventional. From the records in this unsavory case it appears that heresy in sex ethics is the more resented the less its rules are observed. Therefore not even Professor Kallen's brilliant summarizing chapter is likely to convince "the Anglican churchman, the Catholic judge, and the Judaist lawyer" how un-American their activity was.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

A Bride Goes West. By Nannie T. Alderson and Helena Huntington Smith. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Klee Wyck. By Emily Carr. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Propaganda by Short Wave. Edited by Harwood L. Childs and John B. Whitton. Princeton. $3.75.

Democracy, Liberty, and Property: Readings in the American Political Tradition. Edited by Francis W. Coker. Macmillan. $4.25.

An Appraisal of the Protocols of Zion. By John S. Curtiss. Columbia University. $1.

Letters of Harry Arthur Dade of Kew, Surrey, England, to his Refugee Son. New Mexico. $2.50.

Mark Twain at Work. By Bernard DeVoto. Harvard. $2.

How Russia Prepared. By Maurice Edelman. Penguin. 25 cents.

Walt Whitman: Poet of Democracy. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Yale. $3.

Pangoan Diary. By Ruth Harkness. Creative Age Press. $2.50.

Men on Bataan. By John Hersey. Knopf. $2.50.

History and Its Neighbors. By Edward Maslin Hulme. Oxford. $2.

Price Control: The War Against Inflation. By Erik T. H. Kjellstrom and Others. $2.50.

The Naval Genius of George Washington. By Dudley W. Knox. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Philosophy in a New Key: A Study in the Symbolism of Reason, Rite, and Art. By Susanne K. Langer. Harvard. $3.50.

Doctor Bard of Hyde Park: The Famous Physician of Revolutionary Times, the Man Who Saved Washington's Life. By John Brett Langstaff. Dutton. $3.75.

The Sangamon. By Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Newport Tower. By Philip Ainsworth Means. Holt. $5.

Fredom for Italy! By Gaspare and Franco Nicotri. With a Foreword by Carlo Sforza. Italian American Press. $1.25.

Winter of Artifice. By Anaïs Nin. Gotham Book Mart. $3.

A Camera Report on El Cerrito, a Typical Spanish-American Community in New Mexico. By Irving Rusinow. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Russia and the Battle of Liberation. By Charles S. Seely. Dorrance. $1.

Proclaim Liberty! By Gilbert Seldes. Greystone. $2.

The Real Italians: A Study in European Psychology. By Carlo Sforza. Columbia University. $2.

The Farm Primer: A Manual for the Beginner and Part-Time Farmer. By Walter Magnes Teller. David McKay. $2.50.

How the Jap Army Fights. By Lieutenant-Colonel Paul W. Thompson and Others. Penguin. 25 cents.

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RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S remaining April releases include the new Busch-Serkin version of Beethoven's Violin Sonata Op. 47 ("Kreutzer") (Set 496, $4.73). Busch is himself, to my ears, an unstimulating violinist; but he appears to provide the at once stimulating and restraining influence that makes Serkin play his best in their ensemble performances; and even with Busch's temperamental and stylistic limitations this performance of the "Kreutzer" Sonata is excellent in itself and unquestionably the best now available on records. On a Scott 23 machine with the wide-range, flat-response, and extremely light Brush PL-25 pickup the piano's sound is true but dull, and the surfaces of my review copy crackle; on the same machine with the Astatic Tru-tan, which has a terrific peak around 4,000 cycles and is heavier, the piano is a little brighter and the surfaces are quieter.

In addition to the fine sets of Brahms's Second Symphony and Kern's "Show Boat" Columbia's April list offers a set (X-218, $2.63) of the wonderful Prelude to Act 3, the charming Dance of the Apprentices, and the procession of the mastersingers from Wagner's "Meistersinger," performed by Reiner with the Pittsburgh Symphony. For me there is too much fussing with sonority and pace in the opening of the Prelude, and the first passage for brass soon afterward is not well balanced; otherwise the performances are good. With the Brush PL-25 the overall sound of the orchestra on the records is normal and clear, but without expansive resonance, as though the performance has been recorded in a "dead" studio; with the Astatic Tru-tan it is a little brighter.

Even with its occasional distortions and prettifications Stokowski's performance of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" is one of his more acceptable achievements; and it is at present the only one available on records. But if you want it you had better get the one he recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra for Victor; since the one he has done for Columbia with the All-American Orchestra (Set 492, $3.68) comes off the records muffled, strangulated, without color, body, or even volume for the climaxes, like something heard through the wrong end of a telescope. Moreover, the surfaces of my copy crackle.

The only music I have enjoyed hearing conducted by Barbirolli is Mozart and Haydn; and he has recorded a good performance of Mozart's Symphony K. 183 with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set X-217, $2.63). But though Dr. Einstein ranks this early work with the Symphonies K. 200 and 201, I am astonished by its lack of all that makes these two such marvelous pieces of music. With the Brush PL-25 the sound of the orchestra on the records is at once hollow and muffled, and the surfaces are extremely noisy; with the Astatic Trutan the sound is still hollow but brighter, and the surfaces are quiet.

On a single disc (17305-D, $.79) are Nos. 1 and 7 of Debussy's Etudes for piano, those elaborations of Debussyan piano style in a musical vacuum. They seem to be well performed by Jakob Gimpel; and the sound of the piano on the record is true, if dull; but mixed in with it, on my copy, is the grit, crackle, and other noise of extremely bad surfaces.

The few Victor May releases that have arrived include a single disc with Arthur Benjamin's Overture to an Italian Comedy, performed by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (11-8157, $1.05). The piece is pleasantly inconsequential, providing the occasion for excellent playing by the superb orchestra, and for recording that gives us the radiance of the violins without a trace of shrillness or sharpness, the clear definition of the woodwinds, the depth and warmth and firmness of the low strings, the over-all richness, spaciousness, balance, cleanness. Surfaces are not as quiet as they should be with the Brush PL-25.

Quite as fine recording is to be heard in the set (890, $2.63) of Telemann's Suite in A minor for flute and strings, a mildly engaging example of the style of its period, beautifully played by William Kincaid and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. And it is to be heard on the single disc (11-8111, $1.05) that offers Corelli's charming Sarabande, Gigue and Badinerie, of which the Sarabande is subjected to thunderous Stokowskian distension in Kindler's performance with the National Symphony, but the other two pieces are well done.

B. H. HAGGIN

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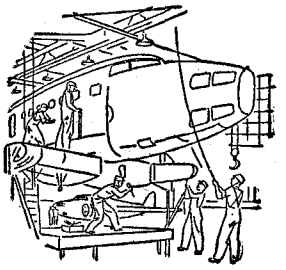

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Letters to the Editors

Life in a California Concentration Camp

Dear Sirs: I inclose excerpts from a letter to a member of my household written by a Japanese student, American-born, registered at the University of California in the Department of Home Economics, who for the last year and a half has lived in my home.

Since I do not know how the neighboring American citizens would be disposed toward Japanese criticism of their local "Assembly Center" I feel that it might be inadvisable for you to identify the writer or the camp.

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

Berkeley, Cal., May 26

[*The excerpts follow.*]

We are now in our "apartment" in —— Assembly Center, having arrived here yesterday after a heavy shower. —— is famous for black clayey soil; so you can imagine what the mud was like. Lunch was a horrid affair—one frankfurter, a mess of overboiled cabbage, white bread, pasty rice, and canned cherries. All the workers are volunteers from the camp, and the cooks are quite inexperienced or else rusty with disuse, since many of the farmers from our vicinity were house boys and cooks some thirty years ago. Dinner was better—canned carrots and peas, one slab of canned pork, lettuce salad, apricots, and plenty of milk. There is a great shortage of waiters and common laborers. My brother was asked to help, but upon hearing that they are paid 70 cents a day and that board and room is subtracted from that, he said no!

The "apartments" are rooms with four, six, and eight beds. Usually they assign one "apartment" to a family. The rooms have screened windows, concrete or wooden floors, and a door that may or may not fit. Some doors are at least two inches too small for the doorway. When we first saw our living quarters we were so sick we couldn't eat or talk—couldn't even cry till later. Since they will not allow less than four in one room my two brothers are living with H— and me. We have put up canvas partitions. These things are tolerable, but you should see the latrines! Ten seats lined up; hard, fresh-sawed, unsandpapered wood; automatic flushing about every fifteen minutes.

My parents feel humiliated but are quite resigned. I admire their stoicism or whatever it is that enables them to hold up under so much. P— is in the hospital, one of the many that filled up the temporary wards as soon as they entered. . . .

I have been offered a job as dietician! Was busy till 10 p. m. yesterday. There is no regular dietician we can work under. Another girl and I have had our hands full helping with the mess halls, planning menus, even cooking. There is great need for trained nurses and decent hospital equipment. The only fresh fruit we can get is bananas and the only fresh vegetable is cabbage. Many people need special diet—allergies, diabetes, stomach ulcer, high blood pressure. V— and I feel overloaded, especially because we don't know a thing about planning menus from equations, balancing calories, weighing out grams, etc.

Three-fourths of the population loaf all day while the mess-hall boys and girls and the hospital staff work like horses. Right now the nurses are on duty twelve or fourteen hours a day. We greenhorn dieticians on ten hours can't complain.

We are slowly getting adapted to the diet, lack of privacy, etc., but every time we think of the white plastered walls, sunny rooms, and green gardens we left behind we again drop into depression. . . .

Last night it rained—for many people on their beds. Our head nurse says she cries every night when she thinks of the old folks, many of whom will most likely die here very soon, and of the children, who don't understand why they can't leave this horrid place.

Thanks, millions and millions, for those books. They are life-savers, especially for H—, who feels there's hardly anything left to live for except books.

I have been giving you the worst side of life here—the side most obvious. There is another side to the picture too. Some of the boys play all day, stopping only to sleep and eat. Some of the formerly busy mothers have time to look after their babies and chat with the neighbors. For many this is a long vacation in somewhat drab surroundings.

One man says he has a new slogan. Instead of "Remember Pearl Harbor" it is "Remember the Concentration Camp."

Until our dying day we'll not forget.

[*The following letter from a Japanese-American girl in another California "assembly center" has also been forwarded to the editors.*]

The telegram telling us to leave the following day at twelve came around five o'clock, and you can imagine the jump we made.

Turning a room in barracks into a cozy home is something a woman has pride in and can work at with zeal, is it not? We were given a broom, a bucket, beds with mattresses, and tags with our mess-hall number and shift. The very first thing we did was to wash the floor before even putting in our luggage. It was a good thing we had two neighbors whom we knew, for there were spaces between each board of the partitions, and when we turned the lights off we felt as if we were in a cage.

We had one of the best barracks in the whole center. (I say "had" because later we had to move on one hour's notice.) The mess-hall was right in front, the washroom on the right side, and the store and post office two blocks away. Now we are twelve to thirteen blocks away from the center.

School hasn't started, but many other activities have sprung up; classes in embroidery, wrestling, and piano are finding their path to light. The newspaper will be out soon, I imagine, because they have advertised for those interested in that work.

I put in two to three hours of study each day, but one does get restless when one has nothing to do but eat and sleep. I have volunteered for work and am on the waiting list, which is so long it seems hopeless. The recreation field will be open tomorrow, though.

Gerald L. K. Smith's Reply

Dear Sirs: The thing that amazes me is how such intellectual prostitutes as yourselves can continue to fan flames with no apparent awareness of the conflagration you are obviously stimulating.

You have called us lunatics so long that you actually believe it yourselves. This has been our greatest asset. Who fears a lunatic? You hypocrites! For a generation you have posed as the apostles of great freedom. You have defended the most violent revolutionists in their desire to express their opinions.

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